wag-
mercy
ll in this
ssibly. So, be patient as possible
omes. It will be at least two

Indian turned his head away,
could not see by the pale star-
k of hatred upon his dusky

, sahib," he muttered, sullenly.
be patient, oh, very patient, be sure!"
further delay, Rex hurried on.
it that he could walk all right. A
ge strength seemed to have come to
He walked as he had never walked
He did not miss the way, for Madge
en him minute directions, so that
reached the railroad track, which
ed closely until it led him to
through which it passed.
there, he went to the hotel—the
where a little later Madge and
had come—and having with diffi-
roused the people in the house, en-
room, and sent a wagon to the spot
Zeba lay helpless. It was easy
to give directions by which he could
nds; and as it was now daylight, there
no difficulty to be apprehended. When
wagon with two stout men had started,
inlocked himself and the precious bag
his room and went to bed. He slept
ny, dreamlessly, for hours; he awoke,
first thought was of Zeba, the first
rd: No doubt upon that score. He
out of bed and examined it carefully
other bag which had been substi-
But it was all right and Rex felt a
ief satisfaction.
shall take the first train for home,"
declared, "and never rest until the
afe in Mrs. Ainsworth's hands."
of course, he could not leave until
road had been repaired so that the
could run; and this would not be
plished for a day more at least.
ever, he went to the telegraph office
ent a message to his mother to relieve
ety, stating that he would soon re-
home; and also one to John Ains-
's widow, never dreaming that she
dead.
little later Zeba arrived, and was as-
d a room, where he lay upon a sofa
ning lugubriously. The one doctor of
own came at once and the East Indian
ly relieved, and after that Rex
ht little or nothing more about him.
stopped to be able to take on the
ng day, for home. That hope filled his
t when the next night found him toss-
upon a sleepless pillow. He was excited
uneasy—his mind full of doubts and a
rave presentiment of evil. At last, worn
t, he fell asleep.
He had not slept an hour when the door
his room opened softly and Rex had
ly locked it before retiring. It
—nothing and Zeba stole
—slipping carefully, his dark
face w ng a sardanic expression. In one
hand he carried a small box. His snaky
eyes sought the traveling bag and a horri-
ble smile curdled his dark features.
"I will see. I will first make sure!" he
muttered. Opening the box in his hand he
took from it a small, cone-shaped object
of a pale gray or ash color. This he placed
upon a small table beside the bed, and
striking a match applied it to the cone. It
ignited at once, and a pale smoke, like
incense, immediately ascended, throwing
out a faint but pungent perfume.
"Yes, I will examine and make sure!"
muttered Zeba.
He drew from about his neck a small key
attached to a chain and then turned to the
bed and stooped over the sleeping man.
Rex had placed the traveling bag beside
him; Zeba bent closely down, and inserted
in its lock the key which was chained about
his neck. Rex slept unconscious in his sister's
and suddenly opened his eyes. A waft of
strong perfume—not unpleasant, but very
powerful—almost took his breath away. It
made him feel faint and giddy; it stupe-
fied and overpowered his senses and chained
his faculties. He felt like one floating in
space, suspended in the air. His eyes, wide
open, were riveted upon Zeba's movements,
who had readily unlocked the bag, and
now drew forth—a human skull made of gold, glistening gold, with huge diamond eyes.
"The rajah's jewels," muttered Zeba, a
gloating look upon his dusky face. Striving
wildly to throw off the influence of his
senses, Rex sprang toward Zeba. But swift
as thought, the East Indian drew a knife
and struck him in the breast. The blood
spurted forth and Rex fell back upon the
pillow. That strange, subtle odor seemed
to rise in faint, cloudlike waves, spread-
ing out until the whole room was enclosed
by it. Gradually all will power departed,
and Rex, lying there, bleeding from the
wound in his breast, was conscious of noth-
ing but a desire to be let alone, a wish to
remain passive and inactive. He wanted to
float away into space on the wings of light;
to forget. He gradually lost all thinking
power. The smoke which arose from the
burning cone upon the table, grew dense
and pervaded everything with its sickening
odor. It filled his lungs, mingled with his
blood, saturated his brain; it was like a
slumberous fire consuming his body. The
shadowy past of his life, the real present—
the impalpable future, all blurred together,
now lost their interest to him. Nothing
seemed real. The machinery of his life
seemed to have suddenly stopped, as the
machinery stops in a watch when its main
spring is broken—he only wanted to be still
and float away into illimitable space. The
wound that Zeba had inflicted did not pain
him very much, or if it did, he could not
feel it, for his faculties were so numbed
and deadened that he had lost all acute
feeling and was conscious of no suffering.
Zeba dropped the golden skull back into
the bag with a chuckle of fiendish delight;
and locked it securely.
"Mine at last!" he muttered; "the ra-
jah's jewels are mine at last!" As he spoke
he put his hand to his head with a swift
gesture, as though trying to clear away a
mist from his brain, and an awful gray
look crept over his face. The Indian drug
is stronger than I had thought," he whis-
pered. "I have stayed here too long. Let
me go, and leave him here to his fate!"
Grasping the bag with both hands, for he
had suddenly lost strength, Zeba turned to
the door. Half-way across the room, he

"Oh, how sad!" she cried, "how very sad,"

paused again, and passed his hand once
more vaguely across his brow, his lithe
form reeling unsteadily.
"It is too—late—too—late," he muttered,
breaking—as the words passed his lips,
he fell to the floor like a log.

In the early morning the open door of
Rex Davenport's room attracted the atten-
tion of some one passing through the hall.
The alarm was given and he was discovered
wounded and insensible upon the bed, while
on the floor lay the East Indian, with the
traveling bag grasped in one sinewy hand.
There was but one deduction. It was a
case of robbery followed by an attack upon
the young man's life. On the table the gray
cone had burned down to a mass of feathery
ashes, with a fiery spark in the center like
an evil eye. The traveling bag was soon
locked up in the hotel safe, and a physician
summoned who dressed Rex's wound. For
several weeks he was very ill and had not
quite recovered when Marigold arrived.

CHAPTER VIII.
A HORRIBLE DOOM.

Marigold's frightened eyes fell upon Bill Bunting, the sexton, at last.
"He shall never get her!" the girl mut-
tered, resolutely. "I will stand by this poor
girl and she shall be saved!"
Alan Harvey had seen the ungainly ap-
parition of Bunting and immediately pre-
pared himself for what was to come. He
sprang into the wagon, on the driver's seat,
and gathering up the reins, drove like mad
around the house to a side entrance.
"Come!" he said to Marigold, in a low,
eager voice. Then, as she obeyed him, he
stooped and lifted Rex Davenport in his arms
and bore her swiftly up the steps of the
hotel, and pointed to a flight of stairs.
"Run for your life!" he said, and Madge
did not linger, but flew up the staircase
like a wild thing, Marigold following her
closely.
At the head of the stairs they fancied
they heard hasty footsteps in pursuit. A
door on the right of the hall stood ajar; the
two girls pushed it open and darted into
the room. Madge, who was in front, gave
a loud cry of surprise. Upon a
bed—the bed of Rex Davenport. He started up in
amazement at sight of his unexpected vis-
itors.
"Madge!" he exclaimed, in astonishment,
"how came you here?"
The girl could only stand and gaze into
his face with eyes full of wonder.
"What is it?" she faltered. "Oh, Mr.
Davenport, some one has hurt you!"
But Rex Davenport's eyes had fallen
upon Marigold's sweet face, and he seemed
unable to remove them. Where had he seen
that face before? Somewhere, like a far-
off memory—a vision of such a face—those
haunting eyes, and that wealth of sun-
kissed hair, danced before his brain, and
enchained his fancy. It came upon him like
a flash. He knew now where he had seen
that fair face. There had been a photograph
in a pocket of John Ainsworth's vest, when
he was prepared for the grave; they had
buried the portrait with him just where
they had found it. That face was before
him now. Madge made haste to explain
all to Rex, and in a brief space he had
learned the astounding truth that the very
girl for whom he was risking his life, the
regal owner of the treasure in the bag, that
uncanny golden skull, with its eyes of dance-
ing fire, was this stately, slim girl before
him. What a heritage! An entailed curse!
In less time than it takes to write it, the
situation was explained, and Marigold, who
had recognized the hero of her dreams in
all his glory, was a brief while at home
in his society. The three chatted together

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THE GEM OF THE TRANSVAAL

OR FOR LOVE OF A BOER MAIDEN

By CAPTAIN ROBERT MAYNARD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARMORED TRAIN.

Eloise was relieved to meet her lover. Her face was very pale, and yet she had the calm demeanor which characterized her nationality.

From her Dick learned that the Boers were massing at Laing's Neck. The women of the Transvaal were holding their husbands and sons farewell, and urging them to die rather than return from the front defeated. The Transvaal Republic had given England forty-eight hours to withdraw her troops from the Transvaal borders.

The Boers had men as far as it were to a man. The sudden uprising had completely stunned Great Britain, and, having crossed the British borders, the Boers were simultaneously moving on various points in the British possessions.

Eloise told him they were to be sent back to a more central position, where they were to remain while the men from the front were to the front to fight their battles.

"Where are you going, Richard?" she asked.

He was silent a moment and then answered:

"This is not my quarrel. My country is at peace with both nations, but my interests are with your people, Eloise. Your people will be my people and their quarrel mine." Dick grasped his hands in both her own and tears came to her eyes.

"And all this for me, Richard?" she said.

"Yes, Eloise; I have no part in this quarrel save for yourself. You know that henceforth I live for you only. Your interests are mine. What does your father think now of the accusation against me?"

"He does not know it."

"Did not Captain Knowles tell him?"

"No. He said nothing about you, save to promise your courage."

Dick was touched at this remark. After a few moments he said:

"Captain Knowles is a noble man. I shall always love and respect him."

"He is a gentleman, Dick, and not at all like that other man who was here, the brew of Cecil Rhodes."

"I am glad he is not. Though he is my circumstances have made him such. We may meet on the field of battle and fight each other, yet I shall have a gallant antagonist."

"You will go with the soldiers?"

"I am going in your brother's company."

"They meet here this evening to start for the front."

"Where will they be sent?"

"I heard his company was to be sent to Mafeking."

"At once?"

"At once."

Armed Boers were continually arriving on horseback. They were very quiet. Few words were spoken by the assembled warriors.

Here and there, and everywhere where grass could be found, saddled horses were browsing. The usual military encampment. Guns were stacked and men were found lounging on the grass. Some were coming and fresh in the morning of life, but there were many grizzled veterans who had faced the guns at Majuba Hill.

Their marksmanship was simply wonderful. They feared it to easy matter to hit the stag or antelope from one to three thousand yards.

They were the men to boast of their feats, the world was soon to know of them.

Dick went to Elmer and said:

"I am going to enlist in your company. There is your captain?"

A tall, raw-boned Boer, about fifty-five years of age, with iron-gray hair, was pointed out to him. Dick's request was made known. he talked with some of his officers a few moments and they, seeming to acquiesce, he brought a dirty mattress roll from the inside of his blouse which and the odor of tobacco smoke upon it, and offered it to Dick. Some one who was evidently an orderly sergeant or clerk of the company brought pen and ink and Dick inked his name to the muster roll. Then he was sworn into service and told to be in readiness to leave in an hour.

"Well, by jingo, Dick, have you joined?" said Elmer Davis. "Dick, there ain't nothing for me to do but follow suit."

"Don't volunteer on my account, Elmer, for I am certain this is going to be no picnic."

"I am enlisting only on my account," declared Elmer. "By love, there is nothing else for me to do. I can't go to the British; I am out of reach of the coast, and what in thunder else am I to do?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your captain?"

Dick pointed him out and Davis went, and in a few minutes the second American was enrolled under the green, red, white and blue flag of the Transvaal.

Dick was offered a Mauser rifle, but he preferred his own Winchester, with which he was acquainted, and could do more effective service.

A Mauser was given Elmer Davis, but Hans clung to his huge elephant gun, with which he was capable of doing such terrible execution.

Orders were at last given by a blast on the bugle to bring the horses around and mount.

"Let us stick close together, Dick," said Elmer.

"Well, we will be by the side of Hans."

As they were forming a line Elmer said:

"Dick, I've got something that is worrying me like everything."

"What?"

"These infernal diamonds and my dog Jingle. I've got about fifty thousand dollars in rocks and what in the name of Sam Hill I am to do with them, I don't know. Say, can you suggest some one who might keep them for me?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Eloise."

"Your girl?"

"Yes."

"Would she keep them safe?"

"I will forfeit my life that she will restore every one to you."

"And your dog?"

"She will take care of him. They are removing to the Transvaal at once and you had better see her."

"I will!" and despite the remonstrances of a Boer non-commissioned officer, he went to where Eloise stood watching her brother and lover.

"Look here, pretty girl," he said, taking a small bag from his inside coat pocket, "I want to entrust something to your care."

Eloise looked up at him in surprise.

"Your sweetheart, Dick, over there, whom I have known for a long, long time, says I can trust you with utmost safety."

"What do you mean, sir?" she asked.

"I am going to war to fight for your country, and I've got a few rocks here. They are diamonds of great value. Will you take care of them for me until I return?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take them, then. There are fifty thousand dollars worth of 'em, if a cent."

"And suppose you should never come back?" she asked, opening her soft, brown eyes very wide.

"Do you know a little Boer girl in the Transvaal named Joan Stuyvesant?"

"Yes, sir."

"She is my sweetheart. I love her as much as Dick loves you. If I never return, give them to Joan."

"I will."

"And now, here is my dog Jingle. He is an excellent dog. He rendered me a good turn. He has a most remarkable coat for a dog, as it can be taken off and put on at the will of his master. Will you take care of him for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I am ready, and if you never see me again I hope that you will be able to hear a good account of me."

He left her and returned to where the Boers had formed themselves into line and were waiting for the officer to give the command to mount.

In a moment the line was completed, and the command given to mount.

Every man vaulted into the saddle, and wheeling into double file dashed away at a gallop to the war.

Richard Carvel's thoughts would be hard to analyze on that night ride. His affections were divided between the beautiful Boer girl, whom he loved more than his life, and his father and mother thousands of miles away.

He was engaged in a quarrel which was not his own. Strange circumstances had thrown him into the ranks of the Boers who were strangers to him.

He who had loved the Union flag, the glorious stars and stripes, now found himself under another banner, one that was new and strange to him. He was fighting for a country not his own, for a liberty that belonged to others.

But it was for Eloise he was to draw his sword. He did not pause to ask her on which side or wrong side of the quarrel. He had espoused the side of the being he loved.

They traveled until near midnight when they came to a railway station. A train was waiting and their horses put on board a stock car. They were given cars with rude wooden benches.

Several more companies were at this station, and as soon as all were loaded on the cars the train moved off.

Elmer Davis, who sat at Dick's side, a reckless fellow, on whom the cares or this life sat lightly, was soon sleeping as soundly as if he had been at home in his bed.

Dick's mind was too occupied with serious thoughts he could not sleep.

He did not know where the train came to a standstill and men and horses were ordered to get off.

"Where are we?" asked Elmer Davis, standing on the ground, yawning, rubbing his eyes, and shivering with cold.

"I don't know," Dick answered.

"Can't you ask that Dutch brother-in-law?"

Hans, on being interrogated, was equally as ignorant. Their horses were taken from the stock cars, the men saddled them and mounted.

Day had just begun to dawn in the east as they galloped to the top of an eminence and halted.

Off in the distance, nearly ten miles away, could be seen a fortified town. The blood-red cross of St. George could be seen over the fort.

The horsemen quickly wheeled about and dashing down a slope dipped below a ridge out of sight of the town.

Boers on foot and on horseback could be seen moving to some point which Dick made out to be the railroad between Mafeking and Vryburg.

Dick was very quiet.

The railroad was reached and the Boers took up a strong position on each side of the track.

Artillery was posted on each side among the rocks.

"What are they expecting here?" asked Elmer.

"An armored train, I suppose."

The day passed without any incident worthy of interest.

Then another night passed.

The soldiers bivouacked on the ground without tent or shelter. Morning dawned. Then all were on the alert.

Scouts far to the front reported that an armored train was to be sent to Kimberly. Dick, Elmer and Hans were posted behind some rocks and peered anxiously.

In a few moments they were told that a train was coming.

The first guns of the war were to soon roar.

Elmer grew excited and swore he could see the train.

The puffing could be plainly heard.

He leaped upon the embankment, and, mounting to a bowlder, waved his hat at the train when it was nearly a mile away.

A shot rang out from the iron-clad monster, and a bullet passed so close to Elmer's head as to make him dodge.

He leaped from the rock, shouting at the top of his voice:

"By jingo, the train is coming; now look out for fun!"

CHAPTER X.

DICK IN DANGER.

Dick seized his reckless companion and dragged him behind the great bowlder just as a crashing roar rang out on the air, and an incessant volley of rifle shots and maxim gun shots made a constant din.

The great iron-clad monster on wheels made a frantic effort to fight its way through, but shell after shell exploded around it.

Dis... supposed... wheel ... The train... fell over on its side.

Wild yells went up from the ... Boers, and a perfect storm of ... grape, canister, shot and shell ... into the train.

A few moments later it was ... run up, and the Boer commander ... his own language:

"Cease firing!!

Though Dick did not understand the ... man he never fired another shot after ... white flag appeared.

But not so with Elmer.

He had a fighting mad on by this ... and kept banging away until Dick ... his gun from his hand.

"Don't you see they have ... white flag?" he cried. "Can't you ... have surrendered?"

"No."

"Yes, they have."

"Damn them for cowards! I wish they ... only held on a few minutes longer. I had just got my joints to working easy."

"You will have plenty of opportunity ... limber up your joints before another ... rolls round; but you must remember ... we are civilized and don't fire on the ... flag."

"Well, I guess I was a little hasty ... this matter, but when a fellow's blood ... will do rash things."

The officer in command of the train was Captain Nesbit. He was wounded ... in the hand. Fifteen of his men ... killed and seven others wounded.

As they only numbered forty, the ... can readily understand how desperate ... conflict.

Captain Nesbit met the Boer command and offered him his sword.

"No, keep it. You are a brave man ... have fought nobly. You shall not be ... prived of your sword." The Boer commander declared. "I will see to your wounds."

"And my men?"

"Will be buried or sent back to ... king, as you prefer."

"I prefer they be sent to Mafeking."

Dick went forward to where the train ... almost a total wreck.

The locomotive was on its side, the ... hissing from the pipes.

The tender was in ruins and the armored cars had been perforated by a dozen ... non balls and shells.

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BOYCE'S MONTHLY, CHICAGO.

He saw men lying in every conceivable shape.

Some had their heads almost torn off.

Others were horribly mangled and torn.

Dick turned away, sick at heart.

This was the first glimpse he had ever had of real war.

He had never dreamed it was so terrible.

His visions of conflict were of prancing horses, flying banners, and the sounds of martial music. He had only seen the gaily caparisoned horses dashing hither and thither and had never dreamed of the real ghastliness of the conflict.

The mounted Burghers to which he belonged were not given much time to contemplate the fearful scene.

Their trumpet sounded to horse and they were soon flying in a northeastern direction, as if to make a detour of Magersfontein.

The Boers were in the most excellent spirits, and had cause to be.

Their first attack had been wholly successful. They had defeated the enemy and destroyed one of his most dangerous engines of war.

"Well, Dick," said Elmer Davis, as they galloped side by side. "We have began the work."

"Yes, it has been begun, but how will it end?"

"Oh, there is no need to ask how it is to end; we will find out how it is to end when the time comes. We have cut the first notch and we will have all the Boers with us now instead of a few."

"Yes, I believe the Dutch republics are thoroughly united."

"Did you hear what old Oom Paul said?"

"No."

"He said if England should win in the Transvaal war it would be at such a sacrifice she would still be a conquered nation? A soldier is no more than a tool, a dog to do the bidding of Rhodes."

"But, Elmer, if Rhodes seem hard. The English soldiers are brave and generous. They know their duty and perform it. They are driven on by such men as Cecil Rhodes and Jameson, whose only idea of a government is that it may make all the money they can out of it and with it. What to them is the life of a fellow-countryman? A soldier is no more than a tool, a dog to do the bidding of Rhodes."

They galloped about five miles from their recent encounter and went into camp. The men were heartily tired of their long march and journey by rail. They were also hungry after their hard work and long fast.

A baboon was driven in from the plain, slain, and the soldiers were soon toasting the flesh over camp fires. Others had made cakes, and Hans Brom had brought from home some Boer bread, which, like the famous Finn bread, will keep indefinitely.

He divided his rations with Dick and Elmer.

After dinner the Boers lounged about on the ground smoking, some dozing, and all strangely silent.

Silence and determination seemed characteristic of the liberty-loving people. The afternoon passed without any event.

Dick wrapped himself in the blanket which Elmine had given him at parting, and breathing a prayer for her, his parents in far America, and for his own soul, was soon asleep.

His dreams were troubled.

He seemed once more in the power of Jack Rhodes and his uncle, the cruel diamond king.

"You have come from America," Cecil Rhodes seemed to say. "A land for which I have little respect, notwithstanding the silly twaddle about counselship, you seek to gather the finest gems of South Africa. You have found the gem of the Transvaal. My nephew wants that gem, give her up, and you may go free—refuse and you will die!"

Dick started to reply and found himself bound by the cruel diamond king.

"Give up Eloise!" he cried.

"No, never. I will die first!"

Then he semed to hear her voice calling him.

"Richard! Richard! Come to me!"

He strove to rise, but was held in bands of iron.

Somewhere from within those mystic shadows with which dreams frame their characters and scenes, there burst the form of Eloise, and running toward him, shrieking:

"Oh, Richard, Richard, save me, save me!"

Then there uprose from the darkness Jack Rhodes and struck her with a club, which gave forth the report of a gun, and the flaming stars darted in every direction from the head of the beloved girl who fell bleeding at his feet.

He heard her shrieks and strange voices like successive explosions.

"Dick, Dick, get up, for God's sake!" cried Elmer, shaking him by the shoulder.

"Elmer!"

"Wake up!"

"Where is she?"

"Who?"

"Eloise."

"Oh, the d—l, you are dreaming. Wake up. We are attacked. Don't you hear the pickets shouting?"

Bang! bang! bang!

Shots rang out almost incessantly but a few yards away, while the bullets whistled about his ears.

Dick still bewildered and lost in the mazes of his troubled dream, was slow to comprehend the danger of the situation.

Elmer and Hans seized him and dragged him back behind a tree. The camp fire was burning brightly and revealed the form of a young Boer stretched on the ground, gasping in the last throes of death.

The Boer outpost had been attacked by twice their number and were falling back. Though Hans had told Dick to follow, he remained behind the tree firing into the darkness until he was almost surrounded.

"Dick, Dick!" shouted Elmer. "Make a run for it. Run to the big bowlder; horses there!"

Dick started to run, when yells went up on every side and a shower of bullets whizzed about him. He was half-way across the open space when he dashed his boot against a stone and fell.

Further chapters of this highly interesting story will appear next week. Readers are respectfully referred to the Ledger's free premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Traps for Ghosts.

New Orleans is an old city and has a considerable Old World and negro population which is very superstitious. As a natural result the city has—or did have—many "haunted" houses. A few years ago a Louisiana branch of the Society for Psychical Research was founded there, largely for the purpose of investigating those haunted houses, and persons who were inclined to lookeil for a rich harvest of knowledge. except certain "occult phenomena" as true. What sort of harvest was really reaped is disclosed by a member of the society, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It occurred to this gentleman and a few of his associates that the first thing to be done was to find out the best-authenticated cases of "haunts." They did this, and finally located three houses, in the old quarter, which had been full of "spirits" for generations.

They went to the houses, placed themselves there in the darkness, and listened. They had scarcely begun to do so when strange things began to happen—stealthy footsteps were heard on the stairs, with the rustle of dress, the creaking of doors, strange cries, the pattering of children's feet, and all manner of other unaccountable noises.

The next thing to be done was to eliminate the possibility of error. So the gentlemen who were conducting this branch of the inquiry procured several rat traps and set them in the first haunted house. During the first night nine monstrous rats were captured. The next night the investigators came again to listen for ghosts but no ghosts walked. Not a mysterious sound was heard in the house, either that night or afterward.

The next house was said to be haunted by the ghost of a one-legged gunsmith, who, according to tradition, had been murdered there by a negro. He was heard by the investigators stumping around the rooms in the darkness of the night. It was so strange and unratlike a sound that the investigators did not believe that rats could have made it. Nevertheless, they set traps, and that night caught eleven enormous rats.

The ghost of the "one-legged gunsmith" was never heard again in that house, nor any other ghost. It was haunted no more.

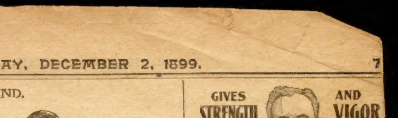
The third and last experiment was made in a house where "groans and the sound of some one walking to and fro" were heard. The investigators lay in wait and heard the groans and the walking. They set their traps, and the rats were found to be so numerous that it took three nights to clear them out. But after that no more groans and no more walking were heard.

How the sounds were produced they do not profess to know; but they do know that the phenomena ceased as the premises were cleared of rats. After this excellent work the Louisiana branch of the Society for Psychical Research disbanded.

Advertised.

A new and verdant postmaster in a small rural town had received instructions to advertise all letters unclaimed for at the end of a certain length of time. He obeyed orders by inserting the following advertisement in the village weekly paper at the end of the first week of his term of office:

"There are ten letters in the postoffice that nobody has called for. If them they belong to don't take notice and call by the end of the month the letters will be sent to the dead letter office. Anybody expecting letters they ain't got can come and see if any of these letters belong to them. All take notice."



30 Days' Trial

The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt over Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Lack of Vigor and Vitality, and all weaknesses of men and women, is the most astonishing fact in the history of electricity. I will send it on 30 Days' Trial, so certain am I that it will cure you and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have suffered their enemies with drugs I want them to exercise their judgment and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. It is a sense current pure life and force into whatever it touches. Its use means health and strength to you. Now Dr. Sanden gives you the most powerful and perfected Electric Belt to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Undeveloped Parts and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now but

YOU WILL WEAR IT FOR 60 DAYS

and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it so as to send it to you **ON TRIAL.** Write to-day for illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

PROF. A. CHRYSTAL, Inventor,
628 Postoffice Block, Marshall, Mich.

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MARRIAGE GIRLS, wealthy members; send 4c. for big list. MUTUAL EXCHANGE, KANSAS CITY, MO.

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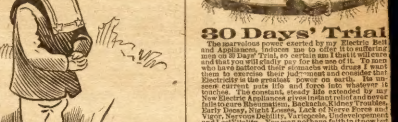

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Sent C. O. D. to any address, with privilege to examine before you buy. In solid silver hunting case, stem wind and set, fully guaranteed, complete, **$4.95.** 60 DAYS' TRIAL. Send 4c. in stamps for 1900 Watch, Clock and Jewelry Catalogue, containing the finest line of watches ever offered to the public. Every watch warranted. Write for free catalogue to-day. Mention this paper. We will send a perfect timekeeper and equal in appearance to any $25.00 watch, to any one who will show it to their friends and secure us 4 orders for watches. Send 10c. extra for postage and packing for each watch. After securing the 4 orders send us $4.95 and the watch is yours. Address, DIAMOND JEWELRY CO., Dept. A15, 234 Dearborn Street.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

COOK REMEDY CO.

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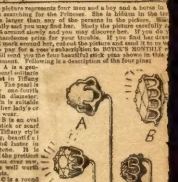
PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS

The picture represents four men and a boy and a horse in woods searching for the Princess Elsie. Each in their turn declares that she is not there. Seven in the picture. Immediately and you may find her. Any one finding her within seven answer and you may discover her. If you do not find her, examine print for more trouble. But be sure to send your correct name, address, and number of the picture you found her in. Address, Puzzle Dept., Boyde Building, Chicago. Mention this paper. Following is a description of the four pieces:



A is a square yellow pearl with a diamond in the centre. The pearl is in the shape of a diamond. The pin is suitable for a lady or gentleman. Either style is the same price. Either style is the same price. Either style is the same price. B is one of the greatest novelties of the season. It is a combination of a pearl and diamond. The pearl is the shape of a diamond. The pin is suitable for a lady or gentleman. Either style is the same price. C is a combination of a pearl and diamond. The pearl is the shape of a diamond. The pin is suitable for a lady or gentleman. Either style is the same price. D is a combination of a pearl and diamond. The pearl is the shape of a diamond. The pin is suitable for a lady or gentleman. Either style is the same price.

BOYDE'S MONTHLY

Puzzle Dept., BOYDE BLDG., CHICAGO.

ALL WOOL SUIT $5.95

Man's Suit made from Irish Blanch Cheviot, woven by America's Best Woolen Mill from fine picked wool yarn, dyed by a new process that cannot fade—famous everywhere for its perfect shape and long lasting wear.

SKILLED SUIT TAILORS will make to your measure in the most perfect manner. We guarantee style in fit, perfection in workmanship and to wear equal to any $15.00 suit. Have every buttonhole sewed by hand, the finest Parisian satin and sew in with your side and linen thread, guaranteed. Our better in quality, style and looks than others best $10 suits.

SEND NO MONEY but send us your size and we will send Free a sample of this beautiful Cheviot and our big book of cloth samples of other suits from $6.95 up and overcoats from $6.95 up, or send us your Height, Weight, Chest, Waist and Cloth measure with $7.00 deposit and we will express the suit to you C.O.D., subject to examination, if you find it perfect in every way, equal to any $15.00 suit, perfect fit, and the best value you ever saw for less than others hold $10.00 suits. Send today quick for Suit or Free sample book.

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AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN. $5.55 BUYS THIS BEAUTIFUL **ROCOCO COUCH.** This offer is made to advertise our money-saving plan of selling furniture direct to the consumer at a saving of from 30 to 50 per cent. **This Beautiful Rococo Couch** is 27 inches wide, 76 inches long, contains 30 high resistant springs, spring edge, sofa and end. The frame is sturdy finished in mahogany or golden oak and is upholstered in your choice of Figured Velours or Velvet Velour in any one of the following colors: Red, Green, Olive, Velvet Velour in any one of the following colors: Red, Green, Olive, Tan or Brown. Our Workmanship and Style is first-class throughout. Send us $5.55 and receive one of these Couches at once. Send us $5.55 and receive one of these Couches at once. Send us $5.55 and receive one of these Couches at once

"Ah, your son's a smart fellow—got his father's head, eh?—chip of the old block!"

Important to Young Writers.

Your story or verse may have been rejected for purely technical reasons, not because it lacked merit. We have formed an association, the members of which are pledged to examination and editing of their writings by men of 20 years successful literary experience, who will also tell you the periodicals that will accept your work. Half of the selections of stories and verse are due to ignorance of technical matters, or of sending your MSS. to the right publications. On receipt of $1 you will be entitled to the service of this association, and we do not place you in a way to make money from your work we will refund you the dollar. Our editors are regular magazine contributors; one won a $2,500 prize award. Successful men are those that can find the best way to success. Writers' Experience Association, 1215 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

Would Come Around All Right.

They were seated side by side on the parlor sofa, and there wasn't room enough between them for an argument.

"George," murmured the maid, after a blissful silence extending over a period of several minutes, "I'm afraid your arm must be very tired."

"Why do you think so, dearest?" he asked.

"Because," she coyly replied, "it seems to be at pleace."

"Oh, well, never mind," said George. "It will come around all right."

PERSONAL.—Any lady or gentleman desiring to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We produce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks, Personal Correspondence Club, 182, Chicago, Ill.

A Noted Career.

Minnie Smart—I don't see how a choir monk can hope to regulate his life much.

Bessie Dilly—Why, what a surprising remark! Life so entirely a matter of rule!

Minnie Smart—But it is so much a matter of plain chants.

Not Particular.

She does all her own cooking, but she says her husband has the appetite of a bird.

Goodness! She must mean an ostrich."

Dot (aged six)—Mamma, if I get married, will I have to have a husband like papa?

Mamma—Yes.

Dot—And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Martha?

Mamma—Yes.

Dot (after a pause)—Mamma, it's a tough world for us women, isn't it?

'Twas Ever Thus.

You often meet a charming girl,
Who is both young and pretty;
Who possesses grace and money, too,
And is sensible and witty.

But alas! you seldom meet
Her in his world of strife,
Until too late—and she is tied
To some other chap for life.

Winter Tourist Rates

To Cuba, Florida, Gulf Coast Points, and all Inland Southern Resorts, via "Big Four Route." Commencing October 15th, and continuing until April 30, 1900, tickets will be on sale from all points on the "Big Four Route," good for return passage until May 31, 1900. Take advantage of the low rates and long return limit. For full information and particulars as to rates, tickets, limits, etc., call on Agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned.

WARREN J. LYNCH, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

W. P. DEPPE, A. G. P. & T. Agt.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Amending It.

"I awaked you," protested the mortified ex-coachman, "for a certificate of good character, and all you say for me in this recommendation is that I 'wouldn't steal a red-hot stove.' Cawn't you make it a little stronger than that, sir?"

"Certainly. Let me have it again."

And the ex-employer took the document, erased the words "red-hot stove," inserted "active volcano," and handed it back.

Her Pleasing Fault.

"I hear that you are calling on Miss Perkleigh pretty regularly."

"Yes."

"Thought you used to say the only thing she could do with any success was sit and giggle at nothing."

"I know it. She's still that way. Keeps so busy at it that she never has time to play or sing rag-time songs."

Do You Want Employment?

We want a good manager in each county to look after the trade and the sales of the most wonderful seller in the market. Address Matchless Supply Company, 124 West Main Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Professor—But, my dear sir, these are bruises; are you—shem—a prize fighter?

Patient—No; I'm a member of the Peace society and we had a meeting last night.

A Gentle Hint.

"Dreaming of the future?" he asked, as the conversation lapsed for the fifth time.

"Yes," she replied, "I find it much pleasanter than living in the present."

"Jack was desperately in love with Susie—he courted her for four years."

"Well, he won her at last."

"I should think so; in fact, he earned her!"

Concentration.

Uncle Reuben—Yes, I've read this here almanac all through. It's pretty interesting, but the feller what writ it couldn't think of nothin' but diseases and one particular kind of medicine.

Uncle Joshua—Humph! He must have been one of them there fellers with one idea that we read about.

Wise Provisions of Nature.

"See how beautifully Nature provides for emergencies," remarked Mr. Friebie. "Just before a big war there are always many more births of boys than of girls."

"And see what large families there are in the feud districts of Kentucky," added Mr. Dinsmore.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the U. S. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 181 Marion Street, oak Park, Ill.

Quite in Their Line.

Mother Bass (to little Bass)—If you try to make a meal off that worm I'm afraid you will be stuck for your dinner.

Little Bass (knowingly for his years)—Ah, but mamma, if I hook the bait without letting it hook me I will probably get a rebait.

Going Too Far.

"And so you are married?" said Mrs. Keedick to her niece from the city.

"Yes, auntie."

"Joined for life, eh?"

"Oh, its hardly that bad. I'm a Chicago girl, you know."

How It Struck the Young Man.

Young Lady (to her escort in restaurant)—I have no more appetite than a bird, but I might pick at a few trifles seeing you insist on it.

Young Man (paying the bill half an hour later, dolefully)—Guess that bird she was thinking of must have been an ostrich.

Many worthy men, handsome ladies. Private list sent sealed 6 cents. Box 987, Denver, Colo.

She Probably Did.

Hewitt—Girls like to make a fellow think they have known a good many fellows and have had a lot of attention from them.

Jewett—Right you are. I suppose that when Adam first kissed Eve she said "You men are all alike."

It Eviden ly Had.

Mary (just back from the seashore)—Do you think I am burned any, John?

John (emphatically)—Burned! I thought your face was the end of the riding-school at first. It's so round and with such a thick layer of tan.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

He Knows the Kind.

Jones—There goes one of the best business men in the city, and I don't suppose there is anybody in the office who takes more risks.

Blowhoy—Indeed! What line is he in?

Jones—Insurance.

Steadfast Nature.

"I have seen Brother Brungetus grow from a poor young man to a middle-aged millionaire," said the aged minister, "and it has not changed him one bit. When he first entered my church he established the habit of putting a quarter in the plate every Sunday, and, though he has since grown rich, he puts in his 25 cents."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The Classic Snooze.

Dingnus—We are to have no more Wagner sleeping cars.

Binguss—No, but the snorers in the berths will continue to render Wagner selection just the same.

Pussy Goes on the Warpath.

I.

II.

STORYETTES.

Unappreciated Genius.

"Dat was a great con game yer give de lady," said one wayfarer to his pal as they left a farmhouse where they had been bountifully fed. She reely t'ought dat was some o' college perfessers tourin' de country. Where did yer git next to de elegant langwidge?"

"Dat's a cinch for me," replied the other, relapsing into his everyday dialect. "I'm a college graduate."

"G' 'wan! Is dat on de level?"

"Sure! I was one of de smartest men in my class too. Yer ought to've heard de speech I made when I graduated."

"What was it about?"

"I don't remember what de subjeck was, but I tol' de people jest how dis world ought be run, an' don't yer forgit it. De president himself congratcherated me on dat speech."

"Who? McKinley?"

"Naw! De president of de college. He said I was an honor to de school, an' dat I'd surely have much mark in de world."

"Gee! Wouldn't he laff if he seen yer now? How in blazes did yer come yer take to de road all o' a sudden, an' such a funny start?"

"Aw, I got sore on de whole business. I waited 'round for a couple o' years, an' I never see if dey was goin' ter run t'ings de way I tole 'em, an' when I found dat dey didn't pay no 'tention ter me I quit an' I'm completely travelin' for he heslf. Dey kin run dein ol' world ter suit demselves now for all I kree."

Poor Dog.

A new kind of parrot story is printed by the Chicago News—a parrot story that will make the reader sorry for the dog.

A gentleman left his dog at his sister's house, while he went on a journey. On his return, Rover manifested so much excitement that no great surprise was felt when he was heard barking in the night. The barking became so persistent, however, that Mr. — put on his dressing-gown and went downstairs to put Rover on the head and bid him be quiet.

He was no sooner in bed again than the noise began afresh, so he made another expedition below, to point out to the dog, with some asperity, that a repetition of the offense would be attended by serious consequences. He had returned to his bed and was just falling into a doze when the barking began again. This time it was more furious than ever, and continued till the man made a third journey downstairs, accompanied by a walking-stick.

Even this did not end the disturbance, but the gentleman was too sleepy to get up again, and at last he went off to sleep, vowing to sell the dog the next day.

When morning came, however, his sister met him with the remark that she hoped he had not been disturbed by the barking of her new parrot. It was always imitating the dog at night, she said.

A Chronic Faller.

"That was Luther Juckett's funeral that just passed by," remarked the loquacious landlord of the Fettgrubin tavern, addressing a gourmet whom he had formed something of a liking. "Poor Juckett was a victim of the fallin' habit, same as some people are of the drink habit.

"Why, you see, everything that has happened to him came by falls. He was one of them persons that would get a drink anywhere and fall asleep at once. I have known him to stand up and fall asleep—of course, then he'd fall down. Least fall he fell for love, and sometime later he fell heir to a few hundred dollars. Then he got engaged and fell off in flesh for a spell from worry, and yesterday just before time for the weddin' ceremony to take place, he fell off from the porch and broke his neck. I s'pose if he had lived to be married he would soon have had a fallin' out with his wife."

The Best One.

He—What do you regard as the best love story ever written?

She—The best love story is never written. It is experienced.

How It Was Severed.

At a naval club dinner in London a few years ago there was a retired admiral present who had lost a leg, said an officer at League Island to a party of friends.

He never would tell how he lost it, and a pool was made. The one guessing the manner in which the limb was severed was to take the pot. The spokesman approached the admiral and after a lengthy explanation the admiral consented to allow each to make a guess. The guesses were like this:

"Was it shot off?"

"No."

"Was it cut off?"

"No."

"It was sawed off?"

"No."

"The surgeons took it off and you don't know how they did it?"

"No; I know all about it."

"It was mashed off, then?"

"No."

"Cut off in a railroad accident?"

"No."

"Had it torn off by machinery?"

"No."

These were all the guesses. The bettors could not think of any possible manner in which an admiral could lose a leg, and he was appealed to for a solution of the problem. He said:

"I fell into the China sea in '71 and it was bit off by a shark."

Getting Started.

A strong inclination toward a trade or profession is often one of the surest signs that a young person will succeed in it, and if the inclination is strong enough, and shows signs of permanency, perhaps the young person will not do better than to follow it, no matter what some of his friends may say to the contrary.

A young man with mild manners stepped into the office of his somewhat crusty uncle, who was engaged in the practice of law.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "now that you are out of college, what are you going to do for a living?"

"I think I'll study some more and adopt the profession of law."

"That's right," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Go ahead and have your own way. Don't take any advice. Don't listen to me. Well, I'm glad that the other day, I told you the profession was overcrowded. But you won't believe me, of course. You've got to go ahead and put in a few years finding out for yourself."

"I'm willing to take advice," replied the nephew, mildly. "The fact is, I'm trying to take all the advice I can get. When you told me to give up the idea of practicing law, I went to a friend who is a civil engineer. He told me a general education would be a good foundation for any profession, but he advised me to let civil engineering alone. He said there were too many people in the business now. He said commerce was the thing for a young man, and he gave me the address of a friend of his who keeps a drug store.

"The druggist said that I could go through a college of pharmacy without any trouble, but he wouldn't advise me to do it, as there were as many people in the business as it would stand. He asked me why I didn't take up medicine. I thanked him for the hint and went to see our family physician. He told me that it was a good life, in which the percentage of eminent success was small. In fact, he said that there were more physicians now than there was practice for. He had been reasoning, and asked me if I had never thought of a career in music. I went to see a musician and he tried my voice."

"What did he say?"

"He said it was gently considerate as the others. He said there were hundreds of people with better voices than mine, looking for work. He thought I might make a good bricklayer, or something of that kind. So I hunted up a bricklayer and talked it over with him. He said the bricklaying business was overcrowded, and that he should think a man with my training would be a lawyer. So I came home here, and I'm willing to start in and go to work studying with you, or go through the list again, getting more advice, whichever you think proper."

The Dirty Prince.

Little princes are much like other children. The son of the Crown Prince of Prussia did not like to be washed in the morning, and he often made a great fuss about it.

One day the governess reproved him to his father. "Very well," said the crown prince, "after this he can go unwashed."

So the next morning the prince did not have his face washed, nor his hands, and he went out to walk with his governess, feeling proud to think that he had got his own way.

Around the palace of the prince there were many soldiers, who watched to see that no harm came to the royal family. These soldiers always saluted the children whenever they went by.

This time, however, the first soldier the little prince passed stood still and straight, and did not salute. The prince looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently he came to another soldier, but he also stood still and did not salute.

When he walk was finished, and they had passed many soldiers, none of whom paid any attention to the prince, the little fellow dashed into his father, exclaiming:

"Papa! papa! You must whip all your soldiers! They refuse to salute me when I pass."

"Ah, my son," said the crown prince, "they do rightly for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that he took a shower bath every morning.

A Knotty Question.

"Kind an' beautiful lady," said the tramp humbly, "me heart tells me de fact I don't appeal to yer in vain when I asks yer to help a pore feller crecher in distress."

"You want food, I presume," said the lady of the house.

"Yes, marm, dat's wot I wants most of all; but if yer've got any ol' clo'es or shoes dat yer kin spare, or if yer'd gimme a dime ter git a night's lodgin', I kin assure yer dat it would be appreciated."

"And if these things are willing to do a little work in return for all that?"

"Madam," replied the tourist sadly, "yer touchin' on a tender spot. Dere's nuttin' I'd radder do dan work, but I dassent."

"Indeed? You look strong enough."

"It ain't dat, lady. It's de religious scruples."

"That seems very strange. How do they prevent you from working?"

"It's like dis, lady. De christians says it's a sin to work on Sunday, an' de Jews says de same about Saturday. An' furdermore, I've heard dat dere's some people wot t'inks it's wrong to work on Friday. I ain't never been able ter make up me mind which of 'em is right, so de only way fer me is not to work at all."

"Yes, yes, but today is Wednesday."

"I know dat, lady, but it seems ter be so much uncertainty about dis business dat I dassent take any chances. How do I know but wot all dese people might be wrong an some udder day might be de day of rest?"

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Egotism sometimes causes people to refer to the beam in their own eye and to the mote in their neighbor's.

Whenever you hear a woman say she is on the sunny side of 40, it means she is trying to keep her age shady.

Captain Ball of the Fourth United States Infantry, stationed at Manila, says that rain fell one day to the depth of twenty inches. With the elements aiding the Filipinos so effectively about all Aguinaldo needs in the rainy season is a mackintosh and a boat for his movable capital.

Can it be possible that Admiral Dewey, determined to keep out of politics at all hazards, is trying to create just enough unpopularity at any party's prompts at placing him on any party's ticket?

When a girl is entertaining a young man in the front parlor—that's capital. But when she has to half-sole his trousers after marriage—that's labor.

Japan may not have any intention of going to war, but increasing her military and naval budget to $200,000,000 can scarcely be effected at a moment's specific hostilities. If China is to be divided it is evident Japan intends to have something to say about the division and she is entirely right in that determination.

THE AUTOMOBILE TRUST.

The promoters are said to be working at a consolidation of the automobile factories in this country and in England. If they succeed a new and promising industry will be stunted in its growth for lack of the stimulus of competition. The great reduction in the price of bicycles and the improvements in their construction have been the result of the keen rivalry of competing manufacturers. Each of them was racking his brains continually to make a better and cheaper wheel. Had the bicycle business been "trusted" at the outset dearer and poorer machines would be offered to the public today and the number in use would be much smaller than it is. If the same free play is given to American ingenuity with automobiles as with bicycles it will not be long before the horseless carriages cost less than they do now, and are more workable. But where there is no competition between manufacturers ingenuity is at a discount. Improvements are discouraged and are introduced slowly, when introduced at all. Those who have looked for great things in the development of the automobile will regret to see it become subject to the deadening influence of monopoly

JIM'S WIDOW.

BY HOMER GREENE.

A few years ago, when I was in Washington as the representative in congress from one of the eastern districts of Pennsylvania, the monotony of a somewhat uninteresting session was broken for me one afternoon by the appearance of a doorkeeper at my desk with a visitor's card. It was simply a scrap of paper on which was written in a woman's handwriting, old-fashioned and awkward, "James Hope's Widow."

"I think she's a little queer, sir," said the doorkeeper, as I followed him up the aisle.

In the lobby, waiting for me, was a little woman apparently about sixty years of age. She was dressed neatly in black, but I noticed that her clothing was faded and somewhat worn in places.

Her face was pale and wrinkled, and in her eyes, as she came forward to meet me, was that searching, wistful look that one always finds in the eyes of those who have long pursued a certain object without success.

"I've been a good while getting my courage up to come and see you," she said, smiling. "But I wanted to make sure to wait any longer. I'm from W——, naming a small village in one of the counties of my congressional district.

People were pushing heedlessly past her, and pressing about the door, and I led her over to a seat. "I can't," she said, looking timidly about her. "It's so noisy here it kind of worries me."

I replied that she could, and I led the way to one of the alcoves in the house of many, where we were shut out from the bustling crowd. I gave her a chair at one side of the table, and I took a seat on the other. She came at once to the object of her visit.

"My husband was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville," she said, "or died of his wounds. He was in the army. I'm sure he was taken prisoner and died in the south. I never heard anything from him after the battle. But anyway he's dead. I know Jim's dead, and I know he died fighting for his country. I'm Jim's widow."

I supposed, of course, that she had made application for a pension, and had found difficulty in establishing her claim. Nearly every day, either in person or by mail, applicants for pensions appeal to congressmen, as I said to her.

"I presume the department requires more exact data concerning the time, place and cause of your husband's death. Is it so?"

"Oh, they know all that," she said, "but they won't acknowledge that he's dead at all. I can't seem to make them believe it. Not dead!" she exclaimed, softly "not dead! and I living for thirty years in the old home! Why, I'd 'a' known it, sure, if he'd thought the world and all of me, Jim did. He used to write me such long letters, and homesick to see me and Charley. Charley was the baby, and Charley was more'n Jim could bear, I guess, and he never once caught sight of him. Oh, he's dead; I know that as well as how I'm living."

"Yes, but my dear lady," said I, "you must prove his death in the way required by the department before you can hope to receive a widow's pension."

She straightened up in her chair, and the pink flush that had grown into her cheeks bleached suddenly into crimson.

"I don't want no pension," she exclaimed. "I don't need it! I wouldn't take it. They all make that mistake. But that's not what I'm after. Oh, that's not what I'm after!"

I looked at her in wonder.

"You don't understand," she continued, quickly, "and I'm forgetting all before. Can anyone hear me?"

She glanced nervously around the alcove, and out into the room. I assured her that no one was listening, and then she bent over the table and spoke in a lower tone.

"Well, you know, down here in Washington they've got Jim marked on the books as a deserter. But it's not so! It's false! Jim was no coward! He's dead. He died fighting for his country. I'm sure of it."

"Well," I said, a little wearily, "what can I do for you? You've told me nothing yet to see how I can be of any assistance to you."

She relapsed into her former timid manner as she replied: "Why, they told me they told me that I must see my congressman, and maybe he could get it all changed for me."

I now comprehended her object in seeking me by mail, and further questioning drew from her the facts.

On the books of the war department her husband was set down as a deserter. She wished to have that record blotted out. It was to this end that she had journeyed from her village home in Pennsylvania to seek my help.

I gave her as much information as I could in the matter, and promised to aid her so far as I can would warrant.

"If you could only make out to do that for me," she said, rising to take her leave, "if you could only make out to do that, I'd—I'm not rich. I haven't got money. There's only me and little Jim W., but you can have it and welcome."

I assured her that I could not accept compensation for anything I might do for her, and that indeed I very much doubted whether anything at all could be accomplished. But I promised to look up the records at the war department, and I asked her to come again after two days. She thanked me, and then, for the first time during our interview, tears came into her eyes. She dried them quickly, grasped my hand for a moment, and then moved softly away.

The next day I went down to the war department, and with the help of the data she had given me, looked up her husband's record. Sure enough, there opposite James Hope's name, I found the hateful entry: "Deserted April 20, 1863."

It appeared as that there had been some correspondence on the matter under a claim that the entry was incorrect, and the clerk produced from the files and showed to me affidavits of men of Hope's company and his regimental officers, which left no room for doubt that he was a deserter.

I went out from the office with a sad heart. I had hoped for the sake of the little woman that there was some mistake which could be rectified, but it was plainly evident that her case was hopeless. I dreaded to meet her again.

When she came I saw pleasant anticipation shining in her face before a word had been spoken.

"It was a mistake, wasn't it?" she asked, quickly.

"I'm afraid not," I replied. "The record seems to be about as you told me, and there is very reason to believe that it is correct."

As cheerfully and as gently as I could I repeated to her the facts collected by the department. Most of it was new to her, and she listened to every word, slowly letting lower and lower in her chair as I went on, as if yielding to the pressure or some great weight. Her face grew pale, and her eyes, by way, but it would have been more cruel to deceive her.

When I had finished she sat for a long time very still, looking out from the window of the committee room. Then she straightened herself up again in her chair and spoke with the same hesitation, and without the slightest tremor in her voice.

"Well, I'm obliged to you, I'm very grateful to you, indeed, for what you've done, he's dead! And he died as brave as any man. There's something to comfort me in those that say he deserted. They are just simply mistaken."

Her voice broke here into her voice. "Jim Hope doesn't his country! Jim Hope desert his wife and baby! Jim Hope desert one of us for the other, he was just wrapped up in each of us. But to desert us both! Never, never! They don't know Jim Hope, they that say that—they never knew him!"

She rose from her chair and stood erect. The light of strong resolution shone from her tear-wet eyes. I was stirred by her sudden display of emotion. The flash of enthusiasm in the woman's breast kindled a flame in mine, and I said "good-by" to her with words of cheer and encouragement. But in the calm afterthought of the following day I knew that her task would never be accomplished.

Six weeks later we met in the National cemetery at Arlington. It was Memorial day. I was passing down the walk from the main entrance toward the Lee mansion when I came unexpectedly upon her. She had evidently been visiting the graves of the tablets that line the walk, a verse of O'Hara's noble poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead."

"I've read them all," she said, enthusiastically, almost breathlessly, "and I've looked at 'em, from the gate to here. I think this one is very beautiful."

Slowly and with impressive emphasis she repeated the familiar lines:

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No implant grace shall tread
The hebrage of your grave.

"But about your husband," I said, "have you found any record of his death or burial?"

She looked up at me wearily, and I could see that in the few weeks that had intervened since our last meeting she had visibly faded and failed.

"No," she replied, sadly, "no; I've got to be almost afraid that it's a hopeless task. I've been to all those government cemeteries in the south. He isn't in any of 'em, and they tell me positively he isn't here."

She turned and looked thoughtfully over the long rows of little marble headstones stretching away under the green trees of the cemetery.

"I was afraid," I said, "that you would find it a fruitless task. The government records are usually correct."

Again there came into her face the same look of faith, of determination, of confidence that I had seen in it on the occasion of her visit to me at the capitol.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said. "I know it doesn't look reasonable, but I'm satisfied that he died in the service of his country. Nobody can ever make me believe any differently, and some day—I feel it in my soul —some day I shall lay flowers on his grave. Maybe today! Stranger things have happened. I'll just look up a great bunch of old-fashioned flowers. "I thought I'd bring 'em along, anyway; one never knows. I thought maybe God would take pity on me today—today—and show me Jim's grave here."

Her voice broke a little, and again her gaze went out over the broad plain, dotted with its marble monuments, sheltered by its bending trees.

After a moment we started to walk on toward the mansion. The grounds were filled with a holiday throng. People passed us, but she paid no attention to them. In the distance there was the music, always thrilling, of the fife and drum. The great open-air amphitheater was rapidly filling up with those who wanted to hear memorable from lips touched with the fire of eloquence.

We came at last to the massive arch that marks the resting place of the bones of the unknown dead, and at her request I read for her the inscription, eloquent in its simplicity, and thrilling with pathos.

Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered, after the war, from the fields of Bull Run and the route to Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace. September, A. D. 1866."

When I had finished she looked up at me with tears in her eyes and on her cheeks.

"Maybe Jim's there," she said, "under that stone. Maybe they found his body and couldn't tell his name. I know he was at Bull Run and along the Rappahannock. He used to write to me from there, and if anybody has belonged to the noble army of martyrs, he did."

After a moment's pause she continued, "Let's ralize it be buried here. I'd think it would be more of a comfort to me to lay flowers on his dust for him; but even this is better—oh, it's worlds better than to have it true what's written in that dreadful book at Washington!"

She began to sob a little, and felt nervously in the folds of her dress for her handkerchief. When she found it she gave it a little twitch to release it, and with it came from her pocket something that floated for a moment in the air, and then fell to the ground at her feet. It was the little old-fashioned card photograph of a soldier in uniform.

A middle-aged veteran who stood near by, with an empty sleeve pinned to his breast, stooped suddenly and picked the picture of cardboard, and was about to return it to the widow when something about the picture attracted his attention. He looked at it steadfastly for a moment, and then he said, in a low voice:

"Was he any relation to you?" he asked, looking up at the photograph.

The widow replied, brokenly; "yes, he was my husband. Did—did you know him?"

The veteran was still studying the picture as he replied to her:

"Why, I—I—guess I do. Why, I was his captain. There wasn't a man in my company that I knew better or loved more. He was a very much a soldier. He was devoted to the flag. He was with us at Gettysburg. He fought like a lion. He was as much a whole battalion in himself. He was killed there in the peach orchard. He died with his head on my knee. I think he was the bravest man, the most heroic soldier I ever saw."

The little old woman had grown taller, straighter, and was looking with eyes like flame, gratitude inexpressible shone in her countenance. She put her hands together, and raised them above her head. She turned her glorified face to the sky. "God, I thank thee for this day!" she cried.

The old soldier went on enthusiastically: "Yes, he won his corporal stripes by the conduct on the field above all others. That was after he came to us. He had been a—a—certain time in the service. He was a little, looked first at the widow and then at me.

"Did you know," he said, "did you know that he—that he—Oh, I have a letter here that'll tell you all about it. I thought I'd carry it around with me until I found it in his pocket before they buried him."

He drew from his wallet a folded paper, yellow and broken with age. In the meantime the widow had obtain herself and in a passing boy, and induced the widow to sit in it. I feared that in the reaction which would follow the shock of joy she would be stricken with faintness. The veteran handed to her that letter.

"I have read it many times," he said. "But I never knew more about his life before he enlisted than what that letter contains. After thirty years of search I had given up the hope that I should ever deliver it to the person to whom it was written. It is a merciful Providence that has brought us together here today."

Looking on the faded, fluttering sheet, and recognizing, as she knew the familiar hand, the widow's eyes again filled with tears. Her voice choked so that she could not speak, and she handed the letter to me with an appealing gesture. I told my hat I understood, and I began to read the three listening I read the letter written by that brave soldier to his wife thirty-three years before, on the eve of one of the greatest battles of the great Rebellion. This was the letter:

"June 30, 1863, near Gettysburg.—My Dearest Mary: I suppose you've heard the news from the front. It's been rough, but the worst thing about it is that it's true. I did desert. It was cowardly. I'll never try to excuse myself to you nor anybody but you; but I was so homesick! I wanted to see you so much and the baby. I would given my life for just a glimpse of each of you. I did go without leave, one night. I disguised myself and made my way to the north.

"I got to W. one night after dark. Nobody knew me. I went down the road to our home. I looked in through the window. It was raised. The lamp was lit. You sat there holding little Jim on your knee and you sung to him, 'Pape is a soldier brave.' And you stopped and said: 'Yes, and true and good, and we're proud of him, baby,' 'cause he is so brave and true and good.' And it came over me all of a sudden what a coward I was, and I just slunk away, and went back to the front and enlisted in a New York regiment.

"I go by the name of James Folley, and I'm fighting for a fight at Chancellors-

ville. Since the battle I've got to be a corporal. I like my captain. He is very good to me. I haven't had the heart to write to you before, but we've got a big battle ahead of us tomorrow, and I thought I'd just write tonight and say how sorry I am, and ashamed, and it was cowardly; but you'll never be ashamed of what I've done since. I come back, with the baby. God bless him! I can't forget how he looked that night.

"There goes the long roll. That means turn out quick. I'll finish this tomorrow—

But he never finished it. It was never even addressed. The last few lines were blurred and blotted as if the letter had been folded hastily and thrust into the writer's pocket. He left nothing behind him to indicate his real identity—no clue to start the letter on its way to his "dearest Mary."

When the reading was ended a hush fell upon all of us. From the amphitheater, over the heads of a thousand eager listeners, came the resonant voice of the orator: "Let us not forget that the men who marched under this glorious flag, who fought under it, suffered under it, bled for it, did so because they loved it. And whether their ashes lie at the foot of splendid monument or in the unknown grave, they deserve a tribute of esteem and gratitude from all who love their country and revere her flag."

At last the little woman found her voice. "Tell mother," she said, "that's Jim. He loved his country and revered her flag; and that other, after thirty years, surely that won't be counted up against him."

She looked up at us beseechingly, but be-

"WHY, I WAS HIS CAPTAIN!"

fore either of us could frame a reply another thought came to her.

"Oh, if I only knew where his grave is!" she exclaimed, 'if I only knew!"

Quick as thought the veteran spoke up. "It's here, madam, right here in this cemetery. I was by it not half an hour ago."

She rose slowly to her feet, looking steadfastly at him as though he might make an effort to escape it. "Take me there!" she said, "please take me there—now!"

In her excitement her flowers had fallen to the ground. I picked them up and gave them to her.

She smiled at me and said, "I told you I should need them. I felt it. I knew it."

Ten minutes later, looking across the long rows of grassy mounds with the afternoon shadows reaching heavily upon them, I saw Jim's widow kneeling by a soldier's grave, her hands clasped and her face uplifted as if in grateful prayer. Beside her stood the gray-haired veteran, with bared head, and on Jim Hope's grave lay the bunch of flowers brought by his widow in the longing hope that the good God would show her where to place them.

I wish only to add that a few weeks later I introduced in the house a bill to expunge from the charge of desertion against James Hope. When the bill came on for final passage I read Hope's last letter to his wife. That letter carried the day. When the vote was taken there was not a dissenting voice.

But I never could induce Jim's widow to apply for a pension.

"I can get along without it," she said. "They've got the books fixed all right now down there at Washington, and that's all I want. I'm satisfied and happy."—Youth's Companion.

A Careful Boy.

"Say, Sister Blanche?"

"What is it, Willie?"

"Is it right to say 'burns is' or 'burns are?'"

"Burns are, Willie."

"Then, Sister Blanche?"

"Well, Willie?"

"Mr. Burns are down in the parlor waiting to see you."

MR. SMITH, SHOPWALKER.

I.

I looked up from a letter I was writing as a little old gentleman entered the room.

"I am Mr. Smith," he said, with a smile wrinkling a weather-beaten old face, "the new shopwalker."

I welcomed him with as much cordiality as I could muster, but the truth is we were so accustomed to sudden changes at Garland's that we had long ceased to take much interest in the appearance of a new man. It marked the difference between a private firm and a joint stock company. Ever since the affair had been "converted," and Sir John Garland had retired on his fortune, the same policy had been pursued.

For five years all the old hands who had helped to build up the business had been swept out, and their places taken by cheaper people, the general manager, Mr. Albert Tullock, was regarded as a commercial genius. He had built new premises, opened new departments, doubled the business, and cut down the expenses.

It was the best advertised house in the west end of London. The smaller shopkeepers around us groaned under the competition, and many of them failed. Garland swallowed them up, and paid large dividends. So our shareholders were happy and passed an annual vote of thanks to Mr. Tullock.

As for the new man, Mr. Smith, he was the most of Tullock's acquisitions—an oddity. We sometimes wondered where he picked them up. He usually discovered people who were somewhat out-at-elbow, and glad to snatch at anything. Then he buffed them into shape, and if they were sufficiently servile, and could do seventy or eighty hours' work a week on very little food, they remained. But if they displayed any signs of spirit or physical weakness, they received what we used to call

"the order of the chuck."

"Are you Mr. Pemberton?" inquired the little old man, looking at me sharply over his spectacles.

I nodded and Mr. Smith said "Oh!" in a tone of voice which clearly implied, "I'm not quite sure whether I like the looks of you or not."

"Come and sit down," I said, "and help yourself to tobacco. We are in the same department. I'm head salesman."

"So I understand," he said, thoughtfully, eyeing me as if I were a natural curiosity. "I hope we shall like each other."

"I hope so, I'm sure," I said, "one thing is, it doesn't much matter. We shanst be together long."

"Why not?" opening his eyes very wide.

"Because one of us is certain to get the sack within three months. I have been in the firm four years, which is nearly a record, so I expect it every day."

"I presume you will not be discharged unless you neglect your duties," he said, in a priggish voice of superiority.

"You don't know Tullock," I said, shortly. "Mr. Tullock has been a very good friend to me," remarked Mr. Smith pompously. "And I am sorry to hear him spoken of like that."

At this I held my tongue, for it was one of Tullock's pleasant tricks to encourage spies and tale-bearers. For all I knew, the new man might be appointed for the sole purpose of our undoing.

Mr. Smith strolled up and down the smoking room, of which we happened to be the only occupants, for some time, and poked his inquisitive old nose into everything of interest.

At last he drew up in front of me, and said, "Sir, what kind of a man is your Mr. Tullock?"

"Oh, he's all right when you know him," I said, cautiously, for I was not disposed to tell him all I thought. Our enterprising manager took great care to time his own pocket. He received two thousand a year from the company, but we knew well enough that in addition to that he made large sums in secret commissions.

Once a curious incident happened. I picked up a shorthand note book. Not knowing whose it was, I availed myself of a knowledge of stenography and read a page or two. It contained some curious information, and enabled me to make a shrewd guess at Mr. Tullock's methods.

He happened to arrive on the scene while I was reading it.

"I believe that book belongs to me, Mr. Pemberton," he said, roughly.

I handed it to him with a smile, looking him straight in the eyes. To my great amusement he turned red, and scowlingly muttered something about my impertinence. Then he strode away.

It was only a trifling incident, but it meant a great deal. It effectually meant that I should be discharged or that the great Mr. Tullock would be afraid to interfere with me. So I took the bull by the horns, and the following Saturday I went to his private office and asked for an increase of salary, just to see how the land lay. He gave it, and from that moment treated me with a kind of boorish civility. But I was not disposed to impart information of such a nature to Mr. Smith.

Before our new shopwalker had been with us a week he was looked upon as one of "The Grand Inquisitor," in consequence of his annoying habit of asking questions. While he confined himself to making inquiries about the business I submitted. But when it came to pumping me about the private concerns of everybody in the house, including myself, I drew the line.

For this he felt suspicious of the man. He also spoke well of Tullock, and could never be induced to laugh at the numerous witticisms which passed current concerning the manager during his absence. This caused him to be unpopular, and almost everybody made a point of giving "old busybody" a wide berth.

II.

But there are exceptions to every rule, and the exception to this rule was particularly aggravating. The one person in the

(Continued on page thirteen.)

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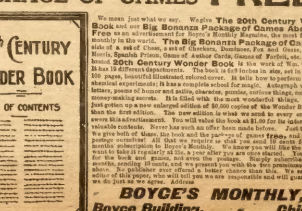

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BOYCE'S MONTHLY,
Boyce Building, - Chicago

A GREAT HAUL.

The Story of Dick Dart and the Postoffice Thieves---Pluck of a Boy Detective.

By HAVELL PINKERTON.

(Copyrighted, 1899.)

CHAPTER XVI.

A LOOK BACKWARD.

"I must thank you for your services," said the thief, turning to Dick, warmly.

"You're welcome," replied the young detective. "This is a bad neighborhood for you to be in," he went on.

"It's pretty tough, surely. But I didn't come just for fun, as the saying is."

"Business, eh?" returned Dick, carelessly. "Business thoroughly interested.

"Yes."

"It's not a nice neighborhood to do business in."

"I am hunting for a scamp I believe is hanging out around here."

"Indeed. I wonder if I know him?" mused Dick.

"Are you acquainted in this neighborhood?" questioned the man, hastily.

"Somewhat. What has the fellow done?"

"I'm not certain. I know he is trying to do me a great injury. The greatest that can be done."

"In what way?"

"He wants to steal my identity."

Dick Dart looked incredulous.

"Your identity?" he queried.

"Exactly."

"You mean he intends to palm himself off as yourself?"

"That's it."

"Then that means he will first get you out of the way."

"Yes."

"He is playing a bold game. Can I help you in this matter? I haven't anything to do, and I may as well confess that I am something of a private detective."

"Ah!" the man hesitated. "I don't know," he said, slowly. "Perhaps you can help me."

"I would like to hear something about your case first," said Dick.

"There isn't much to tell that an outsider would understand. The man I am after is only a distant relative of mine. He has in his possession papers belonging to our family, among other things my patent, marriage certificate and the record of my birth, and now his plan is to get me out of the way and put himself in my place."

"For what purpose?"

"To gain possession of a large amount of property which is coming to me."

"He is playing a bold game. What's the man's name? Perhaps I know him."

"He doesn't come from here. Some people call him the King."

"King of what?"

"I don't know."

"Has he a peculiar mark around his neck?"

"I don't know."

"Does he belong to a gang of thieves?"

"I think he do. He is above ordinary criminal work."

"And you think he is in this neighborhood," went on Dick.

"I do." Again the man paused. "Can I trust you thoroughly?"

"You can."

"My case is out of the ordinary. You look like an honest, capable man, and you have done me a great service."

"Thanks."

"I have been in trouble for a long time."

"That's hard luck."

"First I went to sea, and was shipwrecked."

"You don't look like a sailor."

"No, I went as a passenger. When I got back to this country I was one day run over by a fire engine and knocked unconscious."

"Were you badly hurt?"

"Not physically---that is, in the ordinary way. I was hurt in my head so that I became insane, and was placed somewhere in an asylum and for several years did not know myself."

"You lost your identity?"

"Exactly. My appearance also underwent a change. When I got away from the asylum I tried to locate myself, as I thought, and found myself without friends or money. There had been property coming to me, but I could not get hold of it."

"Why not?"

"A miserable old man, who led a double life, would not do the right thing."

"You could not force your claims?"

"No. He laughed at me."

"And then?"

"And then I started to take matters in my own hand."

"And now, you are deeper in the mud than ever?"

"Was---by. The man placed his hands to his head. "Sometimes I fancy I will go insane again."

Dick Dart eyed him closely. He certainly did look as if he might be out of his right mind. Perhaps this story just told was only a visionary one.

One thing was certain. He was by no means at the bottom of this great mystery.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

While the two had been talking they had walked some distance away from the scene of the encounter with the two toughs.

It thought you were no longshoreman," said the man, after Dick had asked him several more questions.

To this Dick did not reply.

He was gazing at a man who was slinking along on the other side of the street.

The man was dressed as a tramp, with ragged clothing and straggling hair and beard.

But Dick's eyes were keen.

As the man went on the wind caught his beard, and blew it away from one side of his neck.

The part of the neck which was exposed was scarred.

"Quick! Look at that man!" he said, in a low voice. "Is he the chap you are after?"

"If it is, he is pretty well disguised," replied the other.

Much disappointed, the young millionaire detective dropped back.

The trampish-looking individual hurried on to Pell Nancy's resort and entered the side door leading to the rooms overhead.

Scarcely had he disappeared than another man came up.

Then came another and still another.

All were various disguises.

Dick Dart smiled to himself.

They could not fool him.

"The postoffice thieves," he murmured to himself. "It's getting about time to close in on them."

"What's that?" asked the man beside him.

"I am after those men. They are all members of the same gang. And if I am not much mistaken, the man you want is among them."

"All thieves?"

"Yes, and worse. One of them is in escaped murderer. His name is Stanhope, and he came very near being hung out in Colorado."

"Oh, yes, I heard something of that case, when I got out of the asylum. They must be a bloodthirsty crowd."

"They are." Dick meditated a moment. "If you will help me, I believe I can be of great assistance to you. I want to run down that crowd. Besides Stanhope, there is a chap called Red Andy, a lady from Pittsburg called Jenny, a murderous assault, and another named Billy Fenelli, an Italian, who is wanted on many charges, and is wanted on half a dozen charges."

"I will do what I can."

"Then I will send an immediate message to police headquarters."

"Very good."

Dick Dart took out a notebook and scrawled down a few lines in a code known only to the secret service.

"Here you are. The quicker that is delivered the better I will be pleased."

"I'll hire a cab if I can get it," said the man, and ran off.

Dick looked after him.

"Either he is insane, a great villain, or else a badly-used man," he murmured. "I believe if I capture that whole gang I can soon answer the question to my satisfaction."

Dick watched the man out of sight.

Then he approached Phil Delancy's resort and entered.

A crowd was inside, smoking and drinking.

None of the men in disguise were present.

"They've gone to the meeting room above," reasoned the young detective.

Watching his chance, he slipped into the hallway.

Here all was dark, the transom over the street door being thick with dirt, thus shutting out the light.

Adjusting a pair of rubber pads to the soles of his shoes, Dick stole upstairs noiselessly.

At first he could hear nothing.

Then from a room in the extreme rear of the building came the faint murmur of voices.

Dick made his way in the direction. As he moved along he saw to it that his pistols were ready for use.

He passed down a side hall into a wing of the building.

At last he stood before the door in which the stranger meeting was being held.

At the meeting progressed, the voices of the speakers grew louder.

"I don't see why you want to leave us, Lakes," said somebody. "It's not a square deal, with all these new plans about half put through."

"I know my own business best, Roger Stanhope," came in a groan. "You can take charge."

"What's the matter with Red Andy taking charge?" put in another voice. "He's done the handsome lots of times. Down in Columbus---"

"Oh, give us a rest!" cried still another voice. "We want to be careful what we do. The postal authorities---"

The speaker got no further.

There was a crash out in the hall.

Then came another crash and the door of the room burst back and into the room rolled a tall and powerful man and Dick Dart.

In a twinkling the tall man had the young detective on his back.

"Now, Dick Dart, this is the end of your spying on us!" he hissed, and raised his dagger with which to strike our hero to the heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MYSTERY UNCOVERED.

Dick Dart, it must be confessed, had been taken completely by surprise.

So anxious had he been to hear what the postoffice thieves might have to say regarding their future plans he had paid no attention to a light step behind him.

Then came a blow and he was partly stunned.

He grappled with his enemy, and a fierce struggle ensued. The door to the meeting room was burst open and the young detective rolled in on the floor with the tall man on top of him.

The tall man had a dagger and with this he was now about to strike Dick Dart to the heart.

Down came the shining blade.

It struck Dick's breast, but was a sharp chap, and the blade snapped off close to the handle.

A gentle card case in the young detective's pocket had saved his life.

The moment's delay gave Dick began to end the struggles.

As we know, Dick Dart was strong, but he was no match for that entire crowd.

He whipped out a pistol.

"Hang! Hang!" he cried. "Bang! bang!

It was a signal for the police.

Were they in the neighborhood or had they not yet arrived?

The postoffice thieves thought he was firing at them, and, indeed, he did not waste his powder, as four limp and helpless arms on as many rascals testified.

"At him!"

"Down with him!"

"We must get out! The neighborhood is aroused!" cried Mark Lakes, the chief of the gang.

The warning, however, came too late.

With a crash the street door below burst open. Into the hallway stepped half a dozen policemen, each with a drawn pistol.

"The dickens take the lot! We are spotted!" burst from Stanhope.

All started to fly by a back way.

But Dick Dart pressed the button with his pistol leveled at the leading man, Mark Lakes.

"Stop!" cried Dick. "Advance another step at your peril!"

Then down the room flocked the policemen, followed by the man Dick had encountered on the street.

The moment the man saw Lakes he leaped at him furiously.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "Where are the papers contained in the job box you stole from me?" he cried.

"Help Haslett!" faltered Mark Lakes. But much of his courage seemed to desert him.

"Where are the papers containing the record of my parents' marriage and my birth---the papers in the box Giles Chalmers possessed?"

Several pistol shots drown out the reply. Fighting was in progress in every corner of the apartment.

But the police and Dick Dart were too much for the postoffice thieves. They had been completely by surprise, and all were overpowered, disarmed, all were captured and made close prisoners. A little later they were all locked up, some in the hospital and others to jail.

As soon as the great capture was over Dick Dart held a long talk with Roger Stanhope.

"You are the man who robbed the Columbus postoffice," he said. "The mark on your neck gives you away. That is the mark of the rope with which they once tried to hang you for murder out west."

At this Stanhope broke down and confessed. His home had indeed robbed Isaac Baum, after first rendering him unconscious by the use of chloroform and other chemicals. The booty procured had been that which Roger Haslett was to have had. He had left with the gang.

Dick Dart's next move was to have a long talk with Fred Haslett.

"Haslett," he said, "you may as well make a clean breast of the matter. The truth is bound to come out in the end."

"What truth?" faltered Dick Haslett.

"The fact that you attacked Giles Chalmers in order to get the papers in the box away from him."

Dick Haslett was much disturbed.

"They were my papers," he muttered.

"Giles Chalmers was a villain."

"Possibly, but you had better tell the whole story, and tell it straight."

Dick Haslett heaved a sigh.

"I will," he said. "I told you about being in the insane asylum."

"You did."

"When I got out I went to Giles Chalmers and he refused my claim to the property. He said I was not Dick Haslett, but an imposter."

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"Go on."

"I've had a stormy meeting and he declared I came to Columbus (we pay Philadelphia) he would have me locked up as a lunatic."

"Yes?"

"I was enraged, but did not know what to do. Finally I bought a blue mask and a dagger and went down to Columbus and hung around watching my chance. On a dark night, during a storm, I went to the postoffice."

"To kill Chalmers?"

"No, only to frighten him. I thought I could make him give up the papers and give me a written guarantee to see me righted."

"And what happened at the postoffice?"

"I went in and found Giles Chalmers with the tin box and the papers before him. I tried to scare him and we had a fight. In the midst of it came a thunder clap that stunned him and he fell like one dead on the floor. I grabbed the papers and the tin box and ran out of the building. Just as I got outside somebody struck me down and I lost consciousness."

Dick Haslett paused to wipe the heavy sweat from his forehead. That he was telling the truth, Dick Dart now felt sure.

"I shall never forget that night. I rolled into the mud of the street. When I came to the fire was gone and the postoffice was pitch dark inside. Dizzy and faint I crept away from the scene. For the time I imagined Giles Chalmers had come out afprouder of his pet than he was before the pet alienated a customer.

The parrot, large and green, alert to hear, and prompt to prove that he remembered. His cage hangs near the telephone, with the result that Polly has become quite proficient in "telephone talk," and furnishes much amusement to customers who have time to stop and listen.

The other day a stylishly dressed young woman came rustling into the store and asked permission to use the 'phone. The druggist pointed to the rear of the store and she started in that direction. The store was rather dark, and when she heard some one apparently talking into the receiver, she seated herself to wait.

"Hello, central—hello, hello—yes, give me four-double-eight-express. Yes, hello; who is that? Oh, yes; what? Yes; hello, I say; no, I didn't get that; in that so; well, good-by; ring off; hello, central; hello, hello, give me—" and so on, and so on, through several minutes.

Then the young woman rose and advanced with a stately air to the clerk, and asked if he thought that person intended to use the telephone all day.

"Why, that's only the parrot. He—"

But the front door had slammed before he could finish his sentence.

Why does a man's hair fall out before his whiskers?

Because it is at least twenty years older.

ter me and struck me down."

"Go on," said Dick briefly.

"The next day I heard Giles Chalmers had been murdered. I could not at first believe it. I hung around and learned that any dagger had done the deed. Then, like a flash, I jumped to the conclusion that the man who had robbed me of the box had done the base deed.

"After that I turned detective. I hunted around the spot where I had been struck down and there found a large button of a peculiar color. Two days later I met Mark Lakes. He had on a coat with buttons like the one I had picked up. Then I knew I had found my man. From that time on I shadowed him as best I could and gradually gained how he intended to murder me and claim the property which is coming to me."

"You tell a straight story. For to get other papers in this case he broke into the desk at Giles Chalmers' home one night," replied Dick Dart. "I tried to capture him and nearly lost my life in the attempt. He is just the man to be behind the bars until he swings for the murder of Giles Chalmers."

There is little more to tell in this remarkable case. The money stolen from Isaac Smith was recovered and placed again to the credit of the Pumbo postoffice.

The man in the blue mask, Dick Haslett, succeeded, although not without difficulty, in establishing his claim to the estate in dispute. He had done wrong in some things and these he afterward rectified.

Mark Lake was tried for the murder of Giles Chalmers and sentenced to be hanged. He tried to break jail and was shot dead by one of the keepers.

Roger Stanhope, the Columbus postoffice thief, was sentenced to ten years in prison, and all of the other members of the gang were also tried and convicted.

Dick Dart was roundly rewarded for his remarkable work, and has since enjoyed a reputation as a detective that is second to none.

(The end.)

Polly at the Telephone.

The peculiar charm of parrots is that when they do mischief it is generally amusing mischief, something that yields a good story. Possibly the druggist in the figures in

Mr. Smith, Shopwalker.

(Continued from page eleven.)

house who took a fancy to him was a young lady named Doris Burton. Now, Doris and I were the best of friends. In fact, Doris wore a ring I had given her. Not an engagement ring, you understand. Certainly not. We were not exactly engaged, but we understood each other, or thought we did.

Now, it was certainly galling that Doris and Mr. Smith should strike up a friendship. I supposed he was jealous though there was no cause for it. He called her "my little friend," and she stood up for him against all comers. Indeed, for the first time in or lives we nearly quarreled. I like Mr. Smith very much," she said, when I remonstrated. "And he is only a friend in the house. You are all prejudiced against him."

"Well, he shouldn't poke his nose into other people's business," I replied.

"He doesn't," she said, with feminine conviction, "or even if he does he only means to be kind. He is nearly alone in the world. And once he had a little business of his own—and I won't be unkind to him to please anybody."

Then she showed her independence by dissolving into tears—but just in time to prevent an explosion of wrath on my part.

At last Mr. Smith broke out in a place which confirmed my suspicions of his character.

Again we were the only occupants of the smoking room. I was reading, he was fidgeting up and down the room, sometimes looking at me furtively out of the corners of his sharp eyes.

"I had a talk with Tullock today," he jerked out at last.

"Indeed!" I replied, without looking up.

"He is going to give me a special commission on those French dress goods that have just come in. He wants to get rid of them quickly."

"Of course," he continued, nervously, "I can't do much without your help, because you know the salesmen better—but I shall be able to share the commission with you, if you will take the line."

I must explain that Tullock, for reasons best known to himself, had bought an enormous quantity of a certain line of dress goods, and marked them for sale at cost price. In addition to this, he was offering a commission on the sale. Now, it stands to reason that he could not be both profitable to the house. But it might be profitable to Tullock.

To put it another way, Mr. Tullock was nibbling Garland's business to enrich himself.

"I shall do my best to sell the stuff," I said, bluntly. "Because the sooner we get rid of it the better. But you can keep the commission. I never dabble in that kind of thing."

"I don't see why you should throw away a five-pound note," he said.

"Perhaps not," I replied. "However, you mind your own business. It's nothing to do with me what commissions you take, and if I choose to refuse it, it doesn't concern you."

There was a few minutes' silence, and then he returned to the charge, saying: "They do it in the drapery departments."

In reply to which I simply walked out of the room.

This conversation convinced me that Mr. Smith, who posed as a harmless, inquisitive old gentleman, was acting under Tullock's instructions, to trap me. I warned Doris, and she saw at once that the game was too dangerous and gave him the cold shoulder in the most uncompromising fashion.

At last an unexpected crisis was reached. An order was posted on the notice-board one morning that "heads of departments" were to assemble in the big dining room that evening.

When the moment arrived, there were about sixty of us, including buyers, head salesmen, and "walkers."

Two of the directors—a couple of old fogeys who knew nothing about the business—were present, and, of course, Tullock, looking as bumptious as usual.

One of the directors took the chair and said: "Sir John Garland has returned from abroad, and has called this meeting. I have not yet seen him, but he tells me in a letter that he will be here at 8 o'clock, so that we may expect him at any moment."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Mr. Smith, who was sitting by my side, rose from his seat, walked across the room, and coolly sat down in the chair which had just been vacated.

There was an awful hush.

Everybody realized in a second what had happened. Mr. Smith was Sir John Garland.

The directors shook hands with him heartily, and seemed to think that it was all a joke. But Sir John was pale and stern, and Tullock looked dazed with astonishment.

Then Sir John made a speech. He said: "Gentlemen, it is ten years since I ceased to take an active part in the business, and five years since it became a joint stock company. Of late some curious reports have reached my ears. I was told that all my old friends had been dismissed and that certain practices were carried on which would disgrace the name I have made honorable. I determined not to be content with hearsay, but to ascertain for myself what was going on. The history of the past two months you all know. Now by the articles of association I still have authority in this business if I choose to exercise it, and I choose to do now. It would not, I think, be quite English for me to take full advantages of the information I have obtained. Consequently criminal proceedings will not be taken against anybody. But certain persons, whose names I will read out, are dismissed."

Then followed a list of names at the head of which stood Albert Tullock, general manager. In every case they were male, they had been robbing their firm in a most flagrant manner.

Then Sir John said: "There will be other changes to be announced later."

Everybody was so astonished that the silence was almost painful, but the little man walked across the room to me, and said: "Mr. Pemberton, I beg the favor of your company at dinner tomorrow evening, and Lady Garland is anxious to make the acquaintance of Miss Pemberton."

Then, with perfect coolness and self-possession, like a man who is master of the situation, and knows it, Mr. Smith left the room, followed by the directors.

Military Acquirements.

Uncle Ephraim—How many of these here military colleges have a glitter ter be in the country, I wonder what all they teach?

Uncle William—I don't know. They have quite a long course, I guess, but I couldn't say whether they taught much else besides writin' fer the magazines.

Then She Went Out.

Tom—what do you think she did when I asked her to let me be the light of her life?

Dick—I don't know. What?

Tom—Turned me down.

"All right, my boy; run her through on schedule time and I'll give you a permanent job."

$1000.00 IN GOLD FREE.

A	B	C	C	E	
C	H	I	K	N	
N	O	O	O	O	
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The Golden Skull.

(Continued from page five.)

were running as usual, but it would be wiser to wait a few days longer. Rex had written to his mother explaining all that he considered necessary—and his health was steadily improving. Of course Rex could not but have been able to remain, or she would fall into Bill Bunting's hands, but, fortunately for her, he had gotten into trouble which kept him in durance vile for a time, charged with some misdemeanor which forced him to remain against his own will, a prisoner.

Rex, under the care of Marigold and Madge, speedily regained strength; and the day came when he was able to go out for a walk. The next day the walk was extended, and the following day he found himself late in the afternoon in a wild and desolate place several miles from Dudley. They expected to leave for the east the next morning and before starting out on this last walk, Rex had made all preparations for the journey.

He came to a bluff which was one of the most picturesque spots he had ever seen. Above him towered the mighty mountains, peak on peak—melting into the background of sky. At his feet, appallingly near—he had not at first observed how near—yawned an awful abyss, a bottomless pit it seemed to him. Holding his breath in very awe he bent near and ventured to peer over, down drew near and ventured to peer over, down into the terrible depths below. His brain reeled, he trembled, grew faint with horror; he turned away with a sickening feeling of terror which nearly overwhelmed him, and made his weak frame tremble violently! Just then, from behind a huge tree, a little figure swiftly, softly. The face which shone in the afternoon sunlight was ghastly and unearthly. It was Zeba, the East Indian. Unseen by Rex, he crept stealthily forward, and in a moment more had sprung upon him from behind.

Weakened by his late illness Rex's struggles were ineffectual, and he soon found himself overpowered. Zeba rapidly proceeded to bind him hand and foot with stout ropes which he had secured upon his person; then pushing Rex from him upon the ground, the East Indian stood glaring down upon his victim with a look that was awful to see.

"I have you now, sahib," he said, mockingly, "and I intend to put you where you will be safe—safe, do you hear, listen to me. I have discovered, no matter how, that you, expecting to leave here tomorrow, are intending to forward the traveling bag of the dead Sahib Ainsworth to your mother for safe keeping until you return. I have learned that you are intending to send this bag by express. Sahib, I shall never go!"

Rex gave him a look of calm contempt.

"You have lost your senses," he remarked at length, "that is all you have ever had any to lose."

The East Indian bowed profoundly; but still that evil smile lit up his dusky face.

"The sahib is disposed to make a jest of me—good," he said, softly, "but perhaps the laugh will be on the other side soon. Sahib, I shall gain possession of the treasure—the treasure which has brought trouble and suffering upon all who have come in contact with it, but I will risk all danger to possess it. I will have the bag, I say, sahib, for you are going to die. When you are dead, Zeba will have a will open the safe tonight and the bag and I will be on our way to India before the sunrise tomorrow. How shall I get the bag? How will I open the safe? Ah, your eyes ask the question! Zeba knows how to answer them. He knows."

"Thing! me!" cried Rex, wildly. "Oh, to be free for a moment!"

"You will never be free, sahib," returned Zeba, drolly; "the fates have decreed that you shall die—die now! After you are dead, Zeba will gain possession of the treasure, and go far away and be happy."

He seized Rex' by his strong arms as he spoke, and dragged him away from the spot. In vain the young man fought for his freedom. His struggles merely exhausted his small stock of strength, and he could not get free. Zeba dragged him along for about one hundred yards, then he came to a halt. Right at their feet the precipice yawned; but how it was not so deep, in fact not more than forty or fifty feet, and the sides of the chasm were almost perpendicular.

As the East Indian paused with his prisoner, Rex saw something which made his pulses bound with a strange, vague terror. What was it? Upon the very edge of the pit before him stood an upright post planted firmly in the ground, with a pulley at the top. From the top of this post, at right angles extended a beam reaching out over the pit with a second pulley at its extremity. What did this deviltan machinery mean, and who had erected it there? Zeba seemed to read the question in Rex Davenport's look of horror.

"Ah, the sahib is filled with wonder why this is here?" exclaimed the East Indian, wickedly. "Shall Zeba explain the meaning of it all?"

As he spoke he glanced toward the machinery, and Rex saw that a stout rope had been wound about the roller of the windlass; a long coil, the end of it not secured at all. Zeba passed the other end of the rope over the two pulleys and quickly fastened it under Rex's arms. He was powerless in the hands of his persecutor, and could not move hand or foot. With a sinking heart, but utterly incapable of offering resistance, Rex saw the East Indian turn the handle of the windlass which slowly tightened the rope and a moment later Rex was swinging out over the pit, suspended between heaven and earth.

"Now, sahib," said Zeba, "the chief work is done. I have but to lower you and all is this. It has been some work for poor Zeba, but it is accomplished, and my debt to Rex Davenport is now paid. Now you are to die! Glance into the pit below you—what do you see? Is it not utterly incapable of escape? The rope will unwind slowly—slowly—it will take several hours for you to reach the bottom of the pit. It will be about dark, and in the darkness and solitude—death—awaits you!"

"How dare you!" panted Rex. "How dare you commit this awful crime? My blood will cry out to heaven for vengeance, and you will be utterly incapable of it! As I die so you will die! I will not submit!"

He fought the empty air with his manacled hands and feet. His face was pale as death. His eyes were like coals of fire, there were flecks of blood upon his lips. His sufferings were indeed awful. Zeba looked down, all unmoved.

"Give me the treasure, sahib!" he said. "You will not? Then your blood be upon your own head. You shall die. Zeba has decreed it. His will—your death—be done!"

He was done—gone—and Rex Davenport hung suspended over the pit, the rope slowly unwinding—letting him down to—what?

All at once a horrid sound smote his ears; a hissing, rattling sound, whose meaning he knew too well!

One glance downward. There, just below his feet, he saw the object which met sight he had ever beheld. Hundreds of rattlesnakes rearing their heads, writhing in the air, hissing and coiling, with the ominous rattle which indicates that they are about to make the fatal spring. It was a sight to be remembered as long as one lived.

Powerless to help himself, Rex waited him down below in that serpents' den! Slowly, the rope grew longer and longer, with the weight of his body, Rex was gradually descending into the midst of the horrible leaping and writhing rattlesnakes. He closed his eyes.

"There is no hope!" he murmured, desperately. "God help me!"

This remarkable novel will be continued next week. If you contemplate subscribing please look over our premium offers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Object Attained.

"Say, Cup's," said the man from beyond the suburbs, "do you ever fall while you're walkin' around on them ten-foot stilts?"

"I fall while I'm walkin'," solemnly replied the advertising faker. "Got to do it. It's part of my contract. You'll see me fall when I get over there where there's room."

This is why an eager spectator followed him for the next three hours and then went home, a disappointed man.

Power of the Free Pass.

"Did old skinflint object to his daughter marrying an actor?"

"No. It was shown to him that he could get free seats every time his son-in-law comes to town."

ONE GIRL'S MISTAKE.

"This house to let."

It looked very big and imposing, this notice, and Mr. Dart regarded complacently backward to eye the general effect of it, after he had wafered the document safely on the side of the front door.

"If people can't read that they must be blind! Now, I'll go in and wait for someone to bite at the bait. No bother of real estate agents for me—no commission to eat up half the rent. I'll transact my own business or else I'll go into an idiot asylum!"

As he sat in the pretty reception room he longed to the house which he had the good or bad fortune to own, he looked not unlike a big bumble bee in the heart of some huge tropic flower.

"It's trouble, trouble, and nothing but trouble, with property," he was accustomed after his own saturnine fashion over the trials incidental to the position of landlord. "When it isn't taxes, it's leaky water pipes, and when it isn't that it's your neighbor's drains overflowing your cellar, or your tenant taking French leave without paying the rent. I wish I was back on the old Stonyfield farm again, raising strawberries and cauliflowers. And I will be, too. I'll give this house to Harry Field; he's a good boy, and if he really has fallen in love with this pretty Olive Melton, it won't be a bad wedding present. I hope she's worthy of him, though—she's not a bricktop nowadays. I suppose I must let him have his own way and go with him to see her this evening. Hullo, there! what's wanting?"

A tall, belligerent-looking man had given others emphatic knock on the hall knob.

"Is this house to let?" he demanded, very red in the face with much self pulling, as Mr. Dart thought, as he looked at the window.

"Yes, sir, it is."

"How much is the rent?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"It's too much for a house in this locality."

"You think so?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then you need a consolation it must be to you that you're not obliged to pay it."

And Mr. Dart drew back his head and slammed the door in the face of the inexpressible rage of the tall man.

Mr. Dart was pleased congratulating himself on his masterly manuevure than a second peal reminded him that "this house" was yet to let.

This time it was a fat woman, with a slovenly shawl and untidy bonnet, who made the acquaintance of cheap rings on her fingers, the west all over the house, opened all the closet doors, investigated the dust on the mantel shelf, and finally came to the conclusion that the house "would do."

"How do you do. I want a large house," said she confidently to Mr. Dart. "I keep a children's day school."

"You do, eh!" said Mr. Dart. "Well, you can't keep it here."

"It was a great mind to take down the bill," he thought, with cutting temper and face like a thunder cloud, "but the idea there were such meanness in human nature! Dear, dear, there comes somebody else—two ladies. I wish they'd be off, for I'm sick of the sight of man downstairs when he says an impertinent thing to me, but I don't know how to deal with women! That second one's a clipper!"

The two ladies were evidently mother and daughter—a subdued, weak-looking little woman in black, and a tall, handsome girl with a face with fearless eyes, a complexion like snow and roses, and a singularly haughty way of carrying her head.

"Sir!" began the mother, as they were ushered into the hall by Mr. Dart, but the young lady interrupted:

"Do hold your tongue, mother," she said, sharply, "I can manage this matter a great deal better. Are you the agent of this house, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dart, with a queer expression in his eyes.

"And is $2,000 the lowest rent—the very lowest?"

"I told you so, dear," interposed the elderly lady, meekly. "Our means will not—"

"Then you go and look after the goods," said the young lady, with a haughty toss of the head, "I will show us the house, sir!"

Mr. Dart obeyed, in his inmost heart pitying the subdued mother; the tall young lady swept like a queen through the passages, pausing in each room to survey its adaptation for the purpose to which she had assigned it in her mind.

"I like the house," she said, imperiously, they paused at length in the lower hall. "Mother, you must take it."

"My darling," deprecated the mother, "$2,000 a year! and papa's salary is only $1,200, besides the interest we have to pay!"

"Pshaw! do have done with your lecturing. What do I care whether papa is pleased or not. I'm going to be married, thank goodness, and get away from all your debts and grovelings and grumblings! A rich fool for a husband is better than no husband at all!"

"But, my dear," the conversation had fallen into an undertone, "you are not sure of it yet, and—"

"Yes, I am," said the daughter, sharply. "Don't I tell you he's completely under my thumb? And do you suppose I would be married from such a hole as that little house in March street?"

Unnoticed by Mr. Dart, who was an unwilling and unedified listener to the conversation, she said in a louder accent:

"We shall take the house. My father will call and see you tomorrow. Let this bill be taken down."

And she glided away, more like Queen Semiramis than ever, with the quite little mother following, a look of pained perplexity on her face.

* * *

At 8 o'clock precisely Mr. Dart was ready.

"Why, uncle," cried Harry Field, gleefully, "have you got a new look?"

"Do I?" said the old gentleman, complacently. "Well, I'm glad you've spoilt it by asking about the correct thing! Come on, my boy, or we shall be late."

"It's not far," said Harry. "It's only on March street!"

"March street! March street!" repeated the old gentleman. "It seems to me as if I had somewhere heard that name before."

But he could not remember where, and was still racking his brains when they reached the residence of the rich banker's daughter Harry Field enthusiastically termed "his guardian angel."

The apartment into which they were shown was evidently the "swirlly-splendid order"—satin-covered chairs, enameled with sprays of apple green; mantels, and mantel, and a gaudy velvet carpet, strewn with slippings of thread and scraps of paper, forming its principal decoration.

Presently in walked a tall, beautiful girl, with black eyes and a haughty air that, for a smile dimpling her cherry lips and adding a new charm to her lovely face.

"Harry, my dear," said hesitatingly, "this is my uncle, Mr. Dart, and—"

She stopped short—in astonishment, for Olive shrank back, coloring redder than the reddest peony in all the gaudy carpet patterns. They had encountered each other suddenly.

"Aha!" said Mr. Dart, plunging both hands in his pockets, "I think we've met before!"

"Met before?" echoed Harry Field. "When? Where?"

Only Melton, remembering the very free use she had made of her tongue, was too near the verge of hysterics to reply; and so Mr. Dart quickly narrated the brief interview they had that morning.

Harry looked darkened as he listened.

"A rich fool!" he muttered, "and completely under her thumb, Olive, is this true?"

But the girl could not look him out, with the cold light of Mr. Dart's glittering eyes upon her.

Mr. Dart's house was "let" the next day to a widow, and the two best apartments are occupied by the uncle and nephew, who keep "bachelor's hall" in fine style.

"And I believe," the widow says, in reference to her two lodgers, "that the old gentleman really means to live and die a bachelor; but as for Mr. Harry—no boy there's youth there's hope."

But Olive Melton's chances are gone.

* * *

Not an Expert.

Young Brown (showing his brie-a-brac to his country aunt)—"There is a wonderful cut bit of glass, Aunt Jemima—a scent bottle."

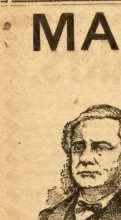
Aunt Jemima (her jaw dropping)—A cent bottle! Well, goodness, Jimmy Brown, I don't think it was wonderfully cut. Couldn't a cut it much more 'thout giving it to you, right out, I should say."

Choosing Weapons.

Casey—Whist, Clancy! Wud yes be after raisin' a hond against Dimpsey?

Clancy—Niver, for it's th' big mon he is! But do yez moind those two bricks?

MANLY VIGOR---NO DRUGS



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When I started out 30 years ago as a young doctor in treating weak men, I gave drugs. I didn't know any better. But when I found there was really no little reliance to be placed in medical treatment, I commenced to look about for other remedies.

One time I experimented with the galvanic current of electricity, and from that to the present day—25 years—I have not written a prescription for weak men. I have demonstrated the fact that a general treatment is required to gain lost vitality, because these troubles come on slowly and involve not alone the nervous system, but the Heart, Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, &c.

Electricity, I found, came up to the requirements of a general treatment, because Electricity is strength or nerve force, and it supplied the system with this lacking element; it built up slowly but surely the whole organism without the least stimulation, without a particle of danger in the beginning. I gave a battery treatment, but I soon found that a home self-application was needed. I knew then that a portable battery was required, one which would give plenty of electricity and at the same time be light and convenient. This led me to invent a chain of cells which was worn around the patient's waist.

That first chain of cells was the beginning of what has developed into my 1899 model, Dr. Sanden

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A Story of Victor Emmanuel.

Once, while hunting in the Italian Alps, Victor Emmanuel started before the rest of the party, but was soon stopped by a brawling mountain torrent. He was not tall, says a Piedmont correspondent of the London Daily News, but even if he had been able to wade across without being drowned, he would have been what in Ireland is called "drownded," and it is no help to a day's shooting to begin it soaked to the skin. So, when a tall man happened along, the king hailed him.

"You must carry me across," said the king. "Will, comrade," returned the big man, "it would take a good deal to make me do that. You may not be very long, but you are broad and heavy."

"Oh, come, what will you do the job for?" asked the king, slightly ruffled by the allusion to his sore point—his bulk.

"Not one sou under a hundred," the man replied, "and I warn you, if you fidget I'll drop you, even if it should be in the middle of the stream."

"Done!" cried the king. But in mid-channel a fear seized him that his pointer was not following, and he twisted round to have a look.

"Bourreau! You shall be paid for this!" growled the porter; but he did not drop his burden.

"Now," said he, as he deposited the king on the bank, "you must pay me not one hundred, but two hundred sous. Don't you know you risked both our lives with your fidgeting?"

The king humbly pleaded that he wanted to see if the dog was safe over the water, and paid his ten francs cheerfully, and then asked: "Is there nothing else I can do for you?"

The big man pondered. At last he said: "The thing I am long wishing for is a donkey. If I had a donkey I should be happy as a king. I'd sell my little crops in Turin then."

"But it is a long way to Turin," objected the king. "Wouldn't a horse better serve your need?"

"What, a horse and no stable? A donkey fills in, in the cornshed or anywhere, but it would cost me many a lira before I should have a stable built," said the man, mournfully.

And so they parted. But soon afterward the king provided one of his own farm-horses and sent it with twenty gold-pieces to his bearer's cabin.

The man's wife was at home, and scouted the idea that beast and money were for her husband. The messenger, however, was firm. He explained that the gifts came "from the king." This excited the woman's mirth. She shouted down the hillside to her husband:

"Come home! Here's a horse for you, man, and a purseful of gold! From the king! For yourself!"

It took the big fellow a long time to get it into his head that all these miracles had happened because he once helped a stranger over the torrent, but at length he accepted it for true.

That, however, is not quite all the story. One day, when the peasant and the cart and the horse were in the city, he saw a crowd gather, and people said the king was coming. Then he forthought himself of his manners. He flung the reins to a boy, straightened himself to his full height, and went into the middle of the street, holding out his imperious hand to the coachman on the box of the royal carriage. The coachman reined up, the equerries and outriders bounded to the carriage door, and shook the king's hand heartily.

"I am proud to see you, majesty," he said, "for I wanted to thank you for sending me that milch-cart and the horse. Look over at him there with the cart-load of cabbage. He is hale and hearty! And I always wished to tell you I am glad I was of service to you at that stream; and I am sorry I called you bourreau."

The king greatly relished the frank, independent ways of his Alpine subject, his unconventionality and good breeding, as well as the hearty handshake, which was returned with equal heartiness.

Brave Horsemanship.

Monsieur de Pages, in his "Travels Round the World," relates an extraordinary instance of courage and endurance on the part of a man and his horse. It occurred at the Cape of Good Hope. The writer would have found the story hard of belief, he says, only that he arrived there on the very day the event occurred, and saw the vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had excited in the mind of every person at the Cape.

During a violent gale, a vessel in the roads dragged her anchor and was driven on the rocks. Most of the crew were soon washed overboard and drowned, but some were descried from the shore, clinging to the wreck. The sea ran high, and the waves broke with such fury on the doomed vessel that no boat could venture out to the work of rescue.

Meanwhile a farmer, considerably advanced in years, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the tragedy. His heart melted at the sight, and knowing the spirit of his horse and its wonderful strength and endurance as a swimmer, he determined to attempt a rescue.

He blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, and pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both man and beast disappeared, but they came into sight again, and were seen swimming near the wreck. Then, after a period of great anxiety, they reappeared near the shore, struggling with the breakers. Shouts of joy went up when it was found that two sailors were clinging to the rider's boots and had been safely landed.

Seven times the perilous trip to the wreck was made and four more lives were saved. On the eighth trip, horse and rider being well-night spent, a formidable wave broke over them, and the farmer lost his balance, fell, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The gallant horse swam to land, but his brave rider was no more.

America's First Automobile.

Frank Curtis, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, does not claim to be the original automobile, but he does modestly acknowledge that he was probably the first man in New England to run an automobile. Only he does not call it by any such high-falutin name, preferring to designate it as a steam carriage.

It was just thirty-two years ago that Mr. Curtis first showed his machine in public, to the astonishment of the citizens and the horses of Newburyport. At the same time the rash inventor incurred the openly expressed disapproval of the Selectmen of that city, who, indeed, were never brought to countenance such an uncanny thing as a wagon that went without the power of horses. Automobiles was sadly in advance of his times.

"It was the horses that made Curtis drove me off the streets, though." Mr. Curtis exclaimed, "A wealthy woman in town had a coachman who was frightened to death of my car and made so much talk that the woman finally complained to the selectmen. They sent the sheriff after me, with orders to keep me off the streets, or else bring me and the carriage into court. I was in the steam carriage down in Market square when the sheriff drove up

"'I want you,' he shouted.

"'What for?' I asked. He went on to tell me, and I suggested that he'd better read his warrant. So he sat in his carriage and I in mine while he read it. When he got to the part about delivering me over to the court, I just pulled open the throttle, and away I went, with the sheriff driving like mad after me. He might as well have been on foot. He couldn't keep anywhere near me. I ran over to the next town, and stored the steam carriage in a barn until the excitement were away. Then I brought her home and sold her."—Lewis Strang, in the Automobile Magazine.

An Evening in the Orient.

Vizier—A distinguished visitor from China arrived this afternoon. What shall we do to make his sojourn with us as pleasant as possible?

Sultan—Well, if he comes around this evening give him a phonographic reproduction of the concert de Europe, or, if he prefers, let him look over our ultimatum album.

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Most children are fond of keeping rabbits. The varieties most generally preferred are the tame ones—Himalayan and Dutch rabbits and Belgian hares—as these are hardy and not expensive. They must be kept in a warm, sheltered place, and be provided with roomy hutches and a grass run if possible. Rabbits are very fastidious animals, and will scarcely ever touch musty or stale food. Variety in food is essential to their health.

Too much green food is hurtful, therefore, give a little grain once in a day. Bread pellets, peas which have been soaked, and dried oats, tares, hay, bran, sliced carrots, turnips, lawn mowings, dandelion, milk, thistle and a little oil cake occasionally, give water night and morning, but do not leave the pan in the hutch. Plenty of clean straw must be supplied, and the hutch kept perfectly clean.

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A Chinese Bedroom.

According to our notions, the sleeping apartments of even the well-to-do Chinese are neither comfortable nor convenient. The rooms themselves, even in the houses of the wealthy, are usually dark and poorly ventilated, and often are nothing more than inside cupboards.

The bedstead, which is made of wood, is black, has a full canopy, and, in many instances, is very heavy and most ornately carved. It frequently stands in an alcove, as if to nullify completely the benefit of the little fresh air that might possibly slip in through the door. I have seen some magnificent specimens of cabinet-work in bedsteads that had been handed down from father to son, for several generations, and that, because of their massiveness, promised to last for many more.

They use no springs, nor is there a mattress to soften the hard boards. A single mat is spread in place of a mattress, and for covering they sometimes supplement their ordinary clothing with a wadded quilt. In winter extra clothing is put on; and in the extreme north, where the weather is bitterly cold, there is found in the residences of the well-to-do and in the imperial divan of masonry, varying in size, beneath which are fire-places. On this the household gods and fire is utilized for cooking purposes.

For pillows, hollow square frames of rattan or bamboo are used, frequently just a block of wood, of the right height to fit into the hollow of the neck and give support to the head when lying on its side. These are by no means as uncomfortable as the description sounds; indeed, in warm weather, after one becomes accustomed to them, they are preferable to a soft, hot feather pillow or bolster.

Sometimes, but not often, the bedchamber is used during the day as a sitting-room, when the mats and covers are rolled up and pushed to the back of the bedstead to furnish a seat on the boards along its edge. A high-seat, straight-back, uncomfortable chair or two, a wooden settee, a bedside table, perhaps a wardrobe, and possibly a washstand with its equipments, complete, with some exceptions, the list of furniture.—The Forum.

"Playing Growed Up."

"You and your little visitors are doing nothing but sitting about and looking miserable. Why don't you play at something?"

"We is playin'."

"Playing what?"

"We is playing that we is growed up."

Pussy Understood.

He was a fine, black Persian cat and came proudly marching into the house one day with a poor little sparrow in his mouth, for pussies will catch birds, no matter how fine their family blood may be.

After showing his prize Pussy went to the front door, and, thinking the mat there would make a nice bake, carefully laid his meal. Of course, he scattered a great many feathers around, and made a heavy front entrance look anything but tidy, and the cook was not pleased at the litter. First she scolded, and told him so, and said the next time he chose to dine there he must turn the cat out on the wintry side. And, following his own text, cook turned the mat over.

About two weeks afterward Pussy brought another bird to the front door, and, though the mat was quite heavy, he soon took his claws and turned it over as cook had told him to do. Then he proceeded to enjoy his feast.

A NEW USE FOR CAPTIVE BALLOONS.

1. "Dat that kid."

2. "Here, give me the bunch!"

3. "There, sonny! Now up you go!"

4. "Now I can read in peace!"

"Sorrowful Tree."

There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given. Perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening.

When the first star appears in the heavens the first bud of the sorrowful tree opens, and a blossom bursts forth. Others and the stars thickly stud the sky the buds continue gradually opening until the whole tree looks like one immense white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the first ray of the sun's glory-light fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree closes its flowers and ere the sun's fiery orb is set a fresh blossom is visible. A shoot of flower dust, as white as snow, covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is fine. Just at the evening gun it rose.

If the tree is cut down close to the roots a new plant shoots up, and attains maturity in an incredibly short time.

In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another, which is almost an exact counterpart of the sorrowful tree, but less beautiful, and, strange to say, it blooms only in the day time.

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